★ July 25, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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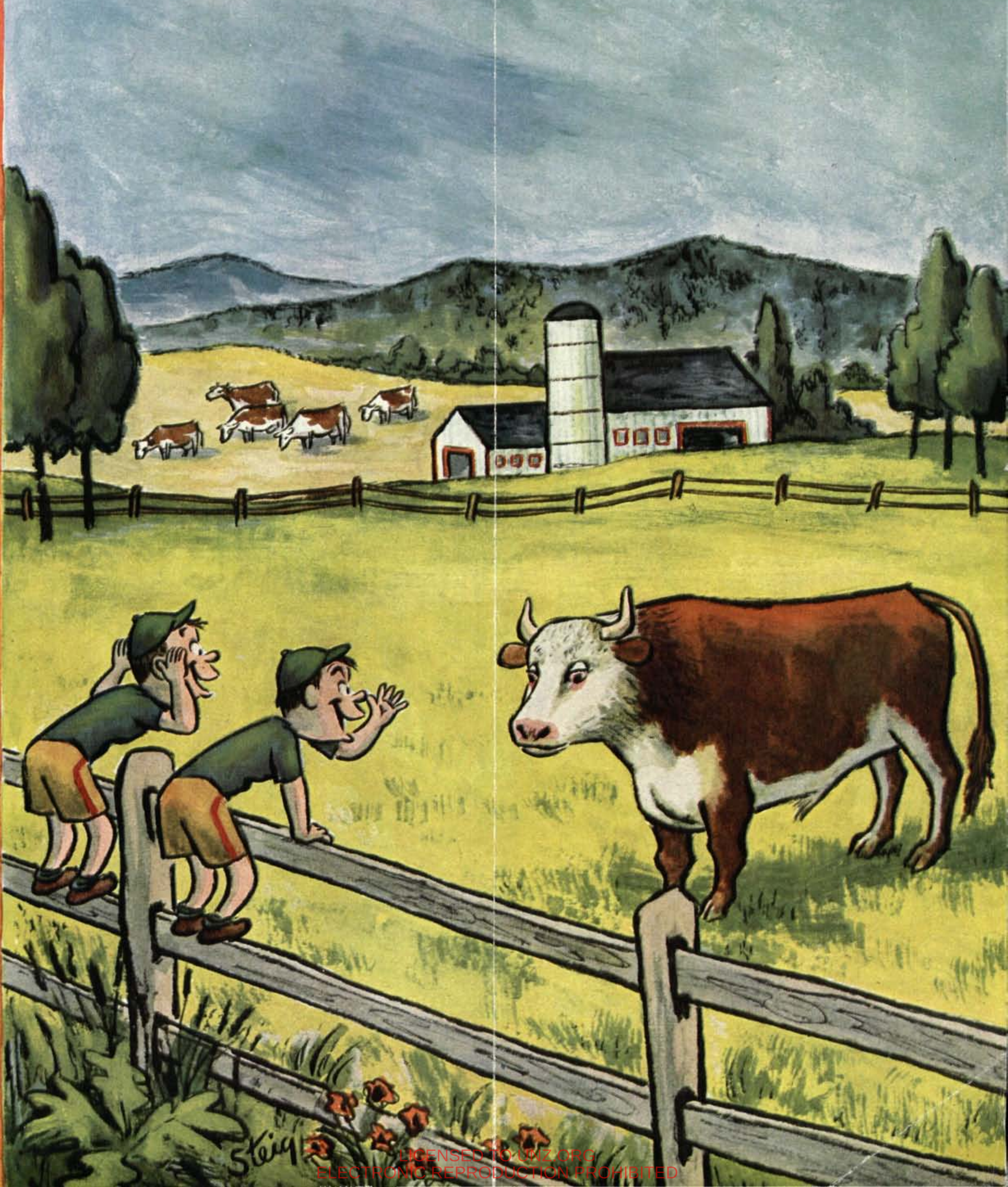

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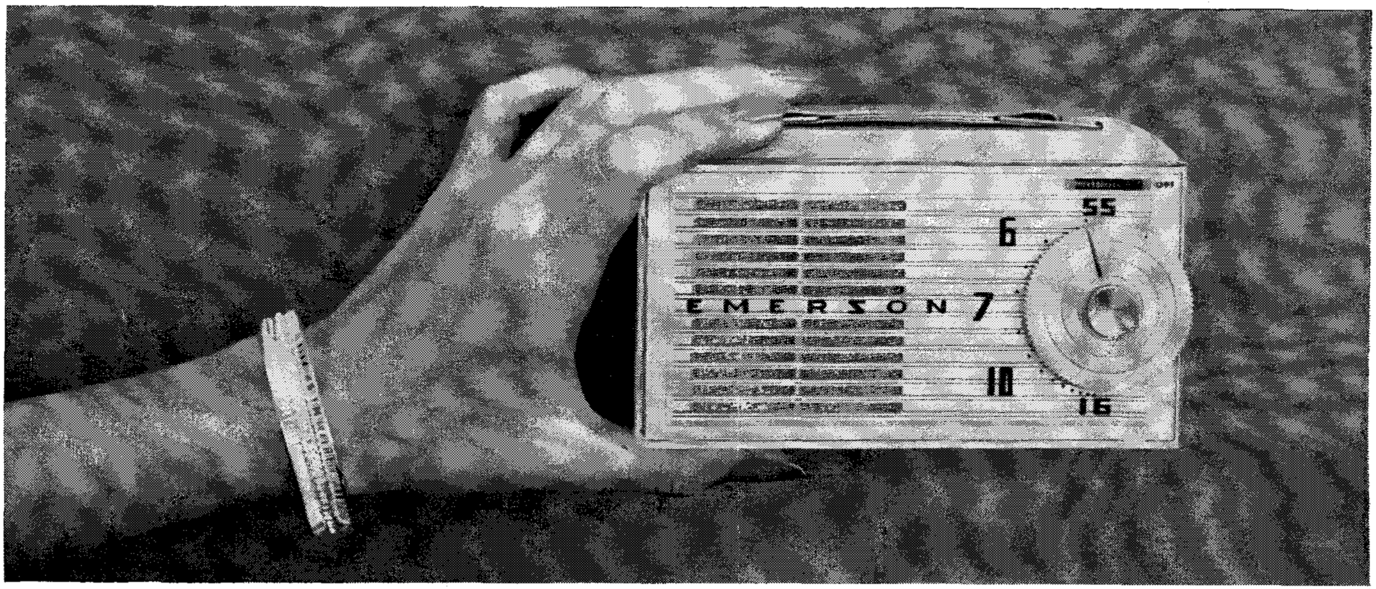

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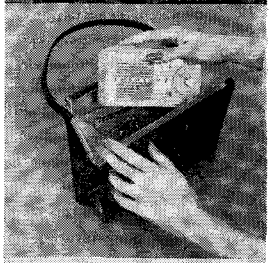

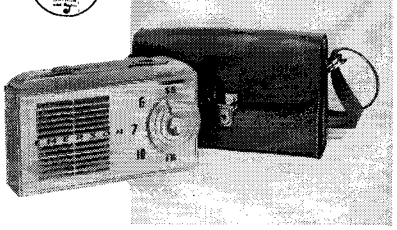

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Dial "M" for Murder—Maurice Evans in one of the neatest and most tightly constructed British mysteries of some time. Frederick Knott is the author. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fifth Season—Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this frail item about the garment industry. Others in it are John Griggs and Phyllis Hill. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—A funny comedy, adapted by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French hit, that has to do with the successful efforts of three convicts in the French penal colony at Cayenne to improve the fortunes of a family they happen to like. Walter Slezak heads a cast that includes Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Picnic—William Inge's play about the shattering impact of sex on a Kansas town has severe structural defects but it is still worth your serious attention. Joshua Logan has directed a fine cast in which Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, Peggy Conklin, and Arthur O'Connell are prominent. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Seven Year Itch—Tom Ewell has the leading role in this very cheerful comedy, by George Axelrod, about a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful young girl while his wife is away for the summer. Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this rather ambitious spectacle and Abe Burrows turned out the book, but most of the credit belongs to Jo Mielziner, whose 1893 Paris settings are among his really memorable works; to Michael Kidd, whose choreography is enchanting; and to Motley, whose costumes also help capture a period and a mood. Peter Cookson and two young women named Gwen Verdon and Lilo do their share to make the evening seem a good deal better than it is. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—A billet-doux to the theatre, tendered by those constant swains, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Their heartfelt sentiments would not have much effect, however, if it were not for the footnotes provided by the ubiquitous Jo Mielziner, who has designed some absolutely stunning sets, and Robert Alton, whose dance routines are as competent as any that have turned up in several seasons. The cast is headed by Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—A revival of the opera on which George and Ira Gershwin and DuBose and Dorothy Heyward collaborated, and one of the season's most exciting events. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy, while Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, and Cab Calloway is the current Sportin' Life. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens is in charge of the orchestra, as he was before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wonderful Town—This version of "My Sister Eileen" is even more satisfactory than the original. The book is again the work of Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov; the music was composed by Leonard Bernstein; the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; and the cast, directed by George Abbott, is headed by Rosalind Russell, whose performance is something to enliven the most torpid spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—the king and i: Yul Brynner is the King in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **south pacific:** Still giving intimations of immortality. George Britton and Martha Wright are playing the leads. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wish you were here:** An adaptation of Arthur Kober's play about life at a camp in the Catskills. In the cast are Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, Leo de Lyon, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach Theatre—A new edition of "A Night in Venice," the Johann Strauss operetta put on last summer by Michael Todd. Ruth and Thomas Martin did the adaptation, and Jack Russell, Nola Fairbanks, and Thomas Hayward head a cast that would fill the Pentagon. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-9220.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 25: Claire Luce in "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Wayne Morris in "Mister Roberts." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Bar Harbor—Through Saturday, July 25: Sonny Tufts in "The Milky Way." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Edward Everett Horton in "Nina." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, July 25: Three one-act plays, "Fumed Oak," "St. Simeon," and "This Way to Me." Wednesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 1: "Invitation to a Murder." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 25: Ella Raines in "I Am a Camera." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 1: "Kiss Me, Kate." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, July 25: Wally Cox in "Three Men on a Horse." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Anthony Ross and Hiram Sherman in "The Frogs of Spring," a new play by Nathaniel Benchley. (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 5:30.)

Corning—Through Saturday, July 25: "The Happy Time." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: "Be Your Age." (Corning Summer Theatre, Corning Glass Center, Corning, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 25: June Havoc in "Strike a Match," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Ezio Pinza in "The Play's the Thing." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 25: Leo G. Carroll in "The Bishop Misbehaves." Thursday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 1: "Petticoat Fever." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Sunday, July 26: Wayne Morris in "Mister Roberts." Tuesday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 2: Ethel Waters in "The Member of the Wedding." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 26: "Ten Little Indians." Tuesday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 2: "Bell, Book and Candle." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 25: "Call Me Madam." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Alexis Smith and Victor Jory in "Bell, Book and Candle." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, July 25: "Brigadoon." Starting Monday, July 27: "Call Me Madam." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 25: Marlon Brando in "Arms and the Man." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Cedric Hardwicke and Lili Darvas in "Island Visit." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, July 26: "Song of Norway." Starting Tuesday, July 28: "Show Boat." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Satur-

Page
BOOKS 61
THE CURRENT CINEMA 42
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON 44
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
  MARKETS AND MENUS 50
THE RACE TRACK 58

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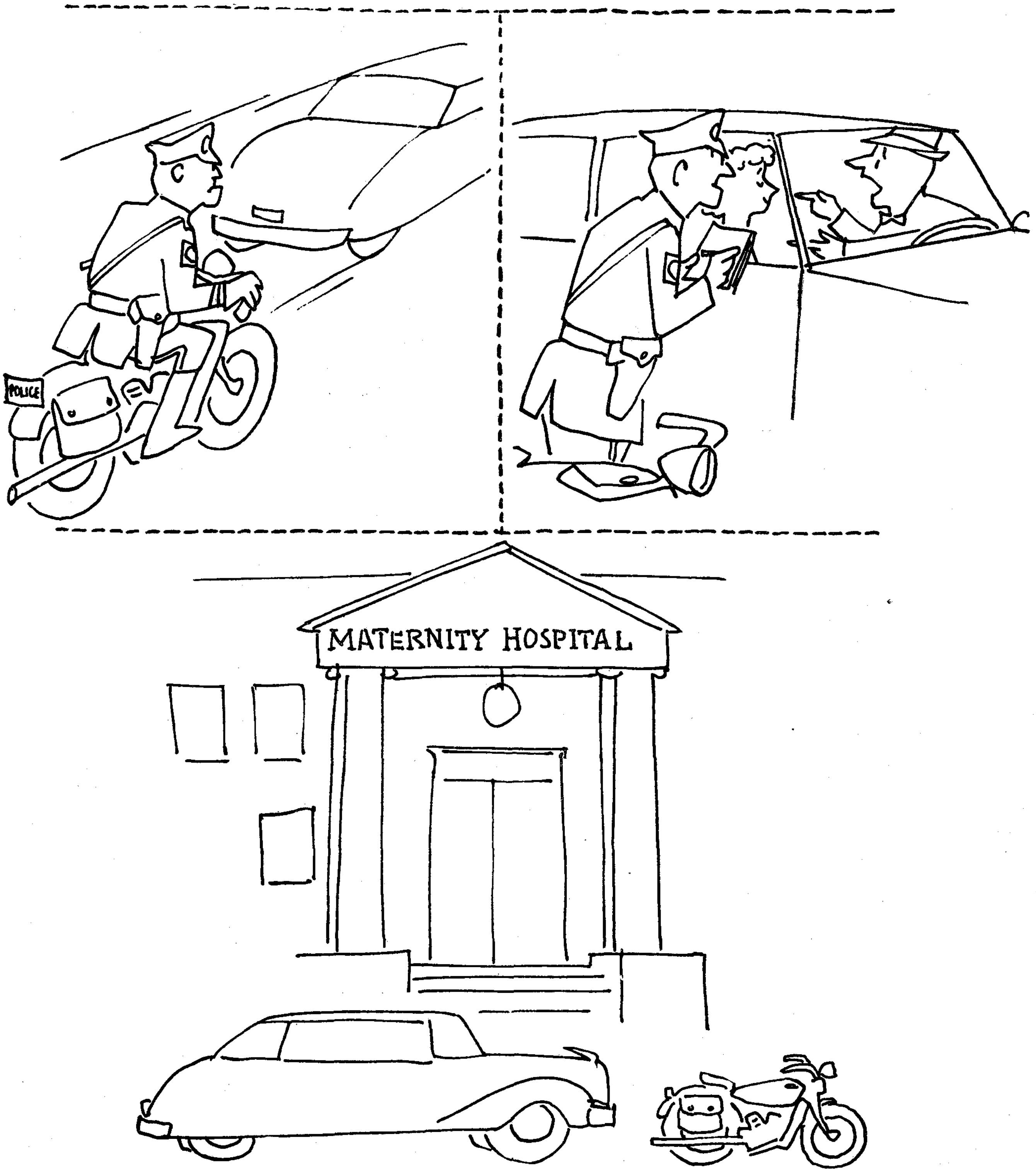
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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26	27	28	29	30	31	1

days at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 26: "The Importance of Being Earnest." Tuesday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 2: "Too Much Amphitryon." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 25: Alexis Smith and Victor Jory in "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Nina Foch and Glenda Farrell in "An Ancient Instinct," a new play. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 25: "Kiss and Tell." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Betty Furness in "The Country Girl." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Sunday, July 26: "Affairs of State." Tuesday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 2: Sally Forrest in "Three Stories High," a new play. (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, July 23, at 8:30: "Arms and the Man." Friday, July 24, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: "Too True to Be Good." Tuesday, July 28, at 8:30: "Heartbreak House." Wednesday, July 29, at 8:30: "Arms and the Man." Thursday, July 30, at 8:30: "Too True to Be Good." Friday, July 31, at 8:30: "Heartbreak House." Saturday, Aug. 1, at 7:30: "Man and Superman." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 25: "Old Acquaintance." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Philip Bourneuf and Frances Reid in "The Happy Time." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, July 25: Billie Burke in "Life with Mother." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Viveca Lindfors and Barry Sullivan in "Bell, Book and Candle." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, July 25: "Mister Roberts." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Dagmar in "Personal Appearance." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 25: "Carousel." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Wally Cox in "Three Men on a Horse." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 26: "Midsummer." Tuesday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 2: "Bell, Book and Candle." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 25: "Gramercy Ghost." Starting Wednesday, July 29: "The Winslow Boy." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, July 25: "I Have Been Here Before." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: "Chicago." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 25: Viveca Lindfors and Barry Sullivan in "Bell, Book and Candle." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Uta Hagen in "The Country Girl." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, July 25: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Richard Ney in "Chintz and Chippendale," a new comedy. (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 25: "Mister Roberts." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: "Call Me Madam." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, July 25: "Angel Street." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: "Blithe Spirit." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Spring Lake—Through Saturday, July 25: "Remember Me?," a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: "I Am a Camera." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Mondays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 25: "The Marquise." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: "Jane." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

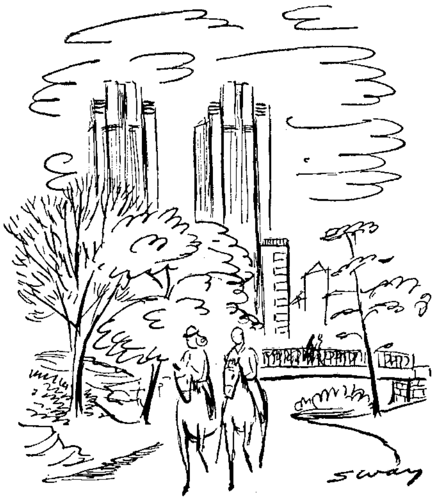
Sturbridge—In an outdoor amphitheatre—Clifford Harvuot, Adelaide Bishop, Luigi Vellucci, and Joshua Wheeler in "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the music play by Stephen Vincent Benét and Douglas Moore. (Old Sturbridge Village, Sturbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Through Sunday, Aug. 30.)

Westhampton Beach—Monday through Wednesday, July 27-29: "Petticoat Fever." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Mondays through Wednesdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 25: Ezio Pinza in "The Play's the Thing." Monday through Saturday, July 27-Aug. 1: Elaine Stritch and Scott McKay in "Once Married, Twice Shy," a new comedy by Lawrence Langner. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 26: "Black Chiffon." Tuesday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 2: "Some Little Honor," a new play by Josephine Bentham. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 25: Alicia Markova, Myra Kinch, and La Meri and Di Falco. Tuesday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 1: José Limón and his company, with Pauline Koner. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Every evening but Sunday, Jules Lande's orchestra is in the subterranean Garden, where a notably well-endowed submerged tenth dines and dances and, in between, listens to concert piano.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Sammy Kaye's orchestra is calling the tunes for this enormous ballroom. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Palm trees that would puzzle the average botanist, and folkways that would astound the average anthropologist. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room's ice show is about perfumes, so now there's been an ice show about everything but metallurgy. This one is cheerful and fairly well stocked with young ladies. Bernie Cummins' orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Every night a small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century in its summer décor (chlorophyll and white), Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill affords dancing to Lenny Herman's quintet and other music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, a pink and beautiful pleasure dome, has perpetual dance music by Milt Shaw's chatty orchestra and another ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—A quartet operates in the cocktail lounge from cocktails through supper. There's dancing after nine. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An unofficial annex of the Junior League, with a rather late curfew and a large visitors' gallery. A happy little orchestra put together by Hugo Pedell and a rumba band romp along incessantly. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Nature lovers can dance outdoors after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays if the weather behaves itself. The surrounding greenery is all the handiwork of God, not man.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The latest George White revue, a hale and hearty affair, is occasionally at a loss for words, but the rampant humor of Fay DeWitt, Lou Nelson, and Georgie Kaye, to say nothing of the architecture of girls like Margie Duncan, triumph over almost everything. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba group turn out dance music after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, those happy fellows from Spain, are playing a rousing game of musical chairs, along with a vast variety of musical instruments. They also sing and dance with gusto, and Trini Reyes dances, too, with her own special gusto. The locale is the Starlight Roof, where Mischa Borr's band and Emil Coleman's orchestra handle the dance music. No show on Sundays, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve.

Note—The ivory tower called the Rainbow Room serves as a cocktail lounge from four to nine except Sundays. Incidental music and an untrammelled view of Weehawken, Hoboken, Hohokus, and other far-off romantic

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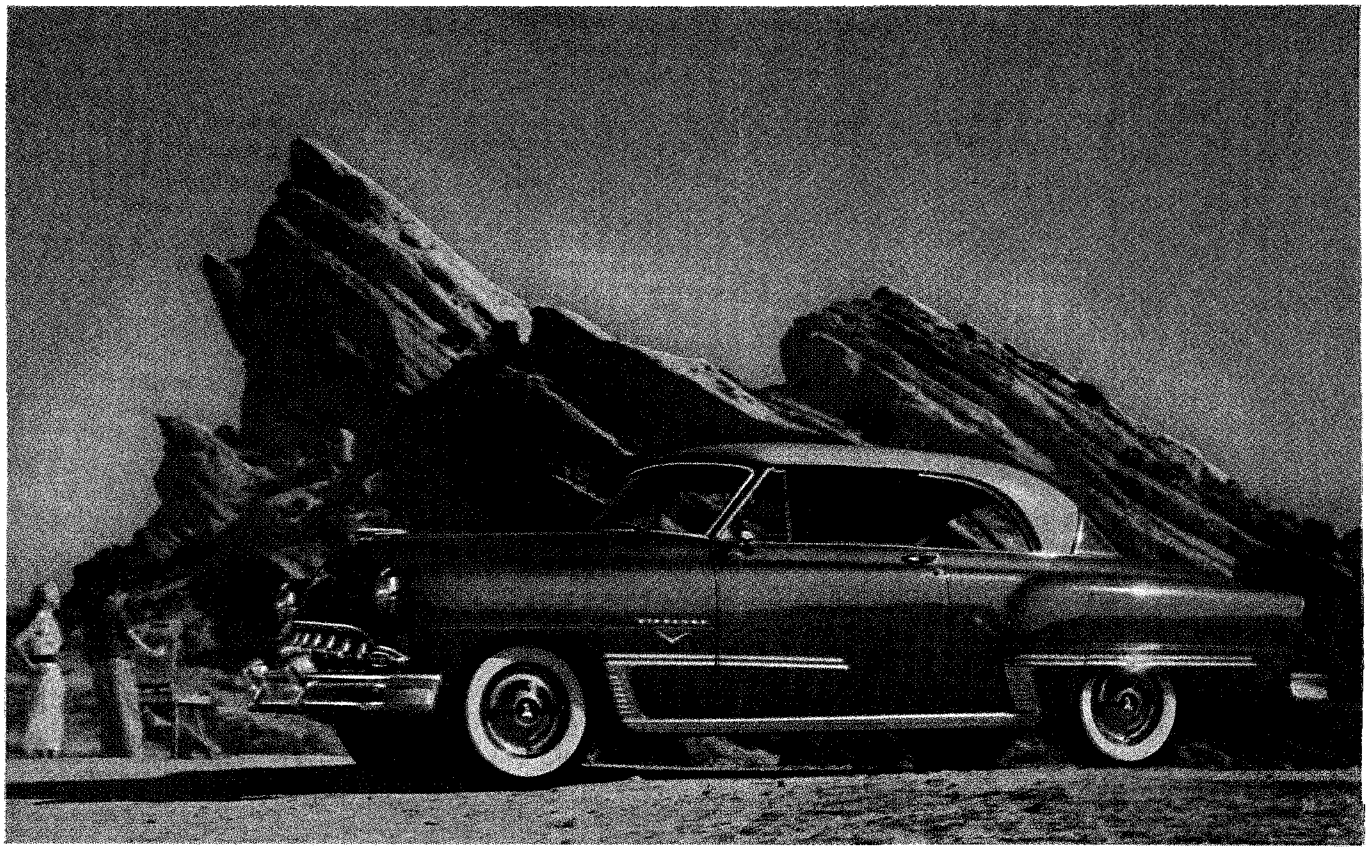

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

places. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The world revolves at débutante speed whenever the veteran Eddie Davis strikes up his little band. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The atmosphere always seems to have just been sprayed with chromium. During dinner, except Sundays, Johnny Mehegan rattles off high-style modern piano; he is joined at suppertime by Marshall Grant, another reliable performer. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Will reopen Monday, July 27, with, as before, piano and violin after nine-thirty for those who feel a bit lost on the maid's night out. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine, except Mondays, Jim Mahoney begins playing piano with a combination of nostalgia and inner peace that makes an effective after-dinner mint. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A bowing-from-the-waist sort of drawing room, where Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper. On Sundays, John Kelley, Jr., sits in instead. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Herman Arminski's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of practically mobile décor. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is now a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): This convention hall is putting on its usual monster rally, which at the moment includes a deft and barefaced pickpocket act by Dominique, the incredibly realistic ventriloquism of Jimmy Nelson, and some strangulated ballads by Joyce Bryant. There are also the Copa dancing girls, who, as ever, go their own sweet individualist ways. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Another family-size turkey with an enormous amount of stuffing. The best part is the comedy-and-dance act of the Will Mastin trio and Sammy Davis, Jr. Frances Faye is the principal singer. On Tuesday, July 28, a more educational bill, incorporating the folk songs of the radiant-heated Harry Belafonté and the dances of Mark Platt and Kathryn Lee, will check in. The view of the Hudson, though, will be held over.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The summer faculty of this venerable institution leans toward humor. The Three Riffs are largely satirical; Orson Bean's anecdotes run the gamut from shaggy dog to shaggy ostrich; Ceil Cabot is just about the most delightful new scatterbrain of the year. The songs come from Felicia Sanders, a recording artist with the voice of a recording angel; the music comes from the illustrious team of Eadie and Rack, who are spelled at the piano by Bart Howard. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Marshall Izen and a couple of puppets raise merry hell with Wagner and Puccini; Jane Dulo discusses professional wrestling and other maidenly arts; and the Jackson Sisters, three downy goslings, bring a guileless freshness to their gay little jump tunes. The practically unparalleled Norman Paris and his three-man symphony are the glittering backdrop. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Mildred Cook, comedienne, and Robert Held, singer, are the most recent youngsters to have their first fling here. She's off Sundays, and he's off Mondays. Bob Downey and Hazel Webster are the pianists. Bygone movies Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the best young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the appropriate setting. Closed Sundays. The place is over the frequently thunderous Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A true-to-life and feverish replica of those old nights in Montmartre. There are ditties by Mae Barnes, Jimmie Daniels, and Norene Tate, all lusty survivors of those nights, as well as the witty (and sometimes wicked) chanteys of Alice Ghostley and G. Wood, and the rather pungent ramblings of Oliver Wakefield. The polyphonic music of the Three Flames bubbles up now and then, too, sometimes as background for the manic songs of Tiger Haines. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): The room noises are often overpowering, but underlying the commotion are the Mills Brothers, crooning their milk-and-honey ballads, and the music of Roy Eldridge's quartet. On Monday, July 27, Erroll Garner, now a piano soloist, and the Golden Gate Quartet will replace the Mills Brothers; Roy Eldridge and company will stay on. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison is the principal pied piper. He gets noble backing from Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and sometimes even Mr. Condon. Joe Sullivan plays real gone interlude piano. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The serene and delectable Barbara Carroll plays, from midnight on, piano that is half modernist brilliance and half unabashed romance. Her side men are Joe Shulman and Herb Wasserman. Jo Jones and his splendid guild of ad-lib craftsmen (Hank Jones, Tyree Glenn, and Tommy Potter) burble along from six to twelve, and Eddie Heywood's pithy rhythm trio operates from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier and his South Chicago rockets leave no stone unturned. On Tuesday, July 28, they'll give way to Pee Wee Erwin's boys. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, makes the sort of jazz that was good enough for Grandfather and ought to be good enough for us. Don Frye is solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The bands of Dizzy Gillespie and Illinois Jacquet, in whose musical madness there is not always enough method, are blowing their tops here, and Georgia Carr is singing. On Thursday, July 30, she and the Jacquet group will give way to Slim Gaillard's mob, which is rather disconnected, too. Mondays are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis, who wields a fairly puissant trombone, and his tailgaters fill this vasty deep with good music Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, July 26, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, Joe Thomas, Babe Mathews, and assorted friends will team up with the local gossoons in a jam session. Dancing. . . . **BANDBOX,** 1680 Broadway (CI 5-5970): Famous faces continue to crowd the stage of this gigantic skating rink. Count Basie's big, hot, middle-of-the-road brass band and George Shearing's latest quintet of abstractionists are on view at the moment. The Basie group departs on Sunday, July 26. Closed Mondays. . . . **JACK DEMPSEY'S,** 1619 Broadway (CO 5-7875): Another chophouse has seen the light and gone Dixie. George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other old masters start demonstrating at eleven. No music Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the Douglas Duke trio experiments with quiet, unorthodox jazz. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): The weekend barbecues here are an institution. Friday

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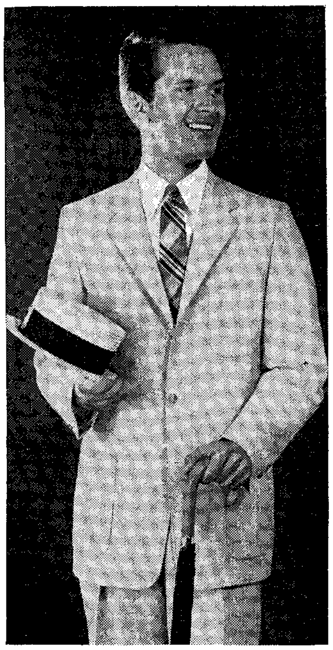

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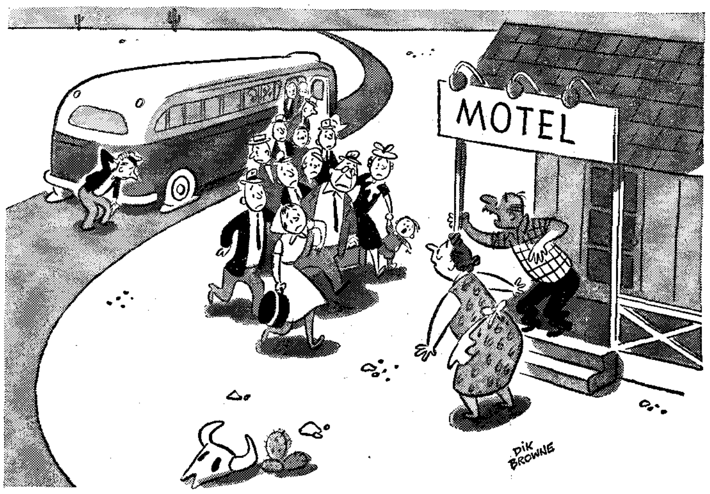

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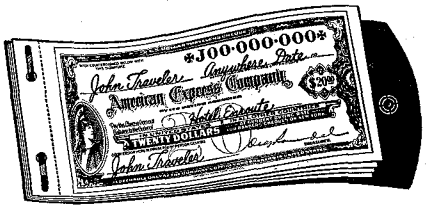

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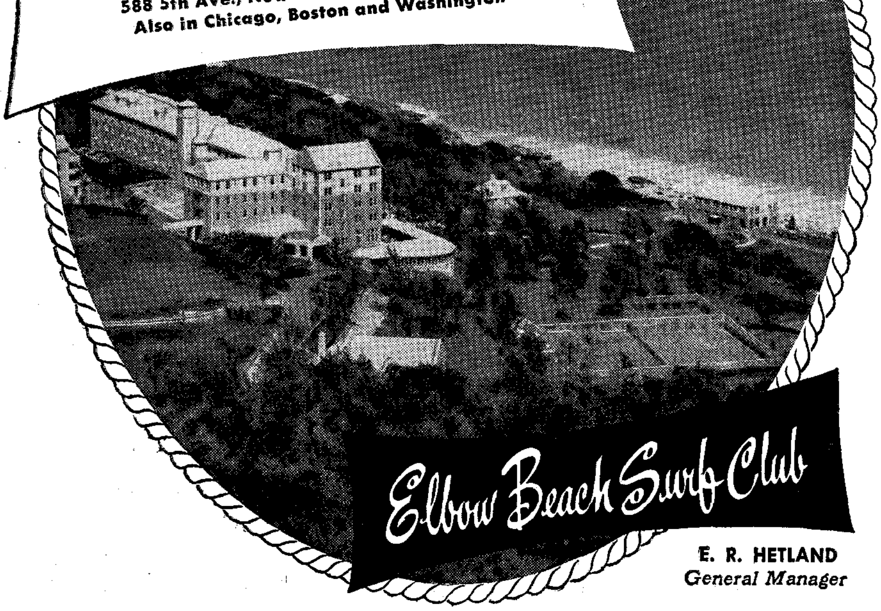

E. R. HETLAND
General Manager

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Saturday, July 24-25, the ingredients should include Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Miff Mole, Vic Dickenson, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Cliff Jackson, Tommy Benford, and Jimmy Rushing. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, July 24-25, a rousing rataplan by (they say) Oran Page, Red Allen, Jimmy Archey, Sonny Greer, Freddy Moore, Benny Morton, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CLOSTER, N.J.: Closter Manor (Closter 5-9777); closed Mondays. . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 9-7384). . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-1604); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6- 6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ROSLYN, L.I.: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . TARRYTOWN, N.Y: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3030); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Westport 2-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LANDSCAPES OF FRANCE—Oils and other works, chosen with a good eye for charm, by an array of artists that ranges from Claude Lorrain to the Impressionists; through Sept. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Philip Evergood, Gregorio Prestopino, Anton Refregier, and a score of others, each represented by one large oil, many of which are brand-new; through Aug. 12. . . . ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: About thirty oils, water colors, and drawings that received critical commendation during last season's one-man shows here, among them a study of Andres Segovia by Arbit Blatas; through July 31. . . . BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A minor survey of art in this country over the last hundred years, with canvases by Whistler, Eakins, Prendergast, and others, as well as by eighteen present-day artists; through Aug. 31. . . . BORGENICHT, 61 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Adja Yunkers, Calvin Alberts, and others of the gallery's group in a showing of water colors, oils, prints, and sculptures; through Aug. 31. . . . HACKER, 24 W. 58th St.: New abstractions by Roy Newell, and other oils by Charles Semser and Hugh Weiss; through Sept. 7. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: The varied fare here dates back to such realists as John Sloan and William Glackens, and also offers abstractions by John Heliker, James Penney, and others; through Aug. 7. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB**, 15 Gramercy Park: The annual summer members' show, with over a hundred works in a variety of mediums; through Sept. 7. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Fact and Fantasy, 1953" is the name of this summer show, which has paintings by Peter Busa, William Halsey, A. H. Maurer, and eleven others; through Aug. 14. . . . **SERIGRAPH**, 38 W. 57th St.: A travelling exhibition of still-lifes, for the most part, by William Harnett and a number of his late-nineteenth-century contemporaries; for the benefit of the National Serigraph Society School; through July 27. (Open Saturdays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HUGO**, 26 E. 55th St.: Recent water colors and drawings composed in a mixture of styles by about twenty artists, including Frederico Pallavicini, Richard De Menocal, and Anthony Gross; through Aug. 28. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: This show combines the paintings and sculptures of Americans (Erle Loran, Joseph Glasco, Kay Sage, and others) with those of such Italians as Afro, Leonardo Cremonini, and Renato Birolli; through July 24.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At **CADBY-BIRCH**, 21 E. 63rd St.: Twenty or so paintings by Campigli, Miori, Morandi, and others whose work was displayed here last winter; through July 31. . . . **THE CONTEMPORARIES**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Eighteen lithographs by as many artists, in a survey ranging from an 1890 Degas to a 1953 De Staël, and including examples by Renoir, Bonnard, Vuillard, Klee, and Picasso; through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A selection, from the Museum's collection, of Winslow Homer's water colors on the subject of vacations, plus an oil called "In the White Mountains;" through Sept. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Hundreds of archeological items and art objects from Israeli collections, many of them only recently discovered in Palestine, in an exhibit that traces the history of Biblical countries from prehistoric times through the Byzantine period. Included are a seven-ton porphyry statue of a Roman emperor (circa 200 A.D.), a Neanderthal skull, and ancient manuscripts, implements, weapons, and pottery. Also seventy-five paintings by Reuven Rubin, Moshe Mokady, and five other Israeli artists. Both shows are travelling exhibitions presented by the American Fund for Israel Institutions. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ An absorbing display of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them from the Museum's collection. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Sculpture of the Twentieth Century," a handsome, informative loan show, documenting the development of modern sculpture since the turn of the century; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Mondrian, Klee, and Brancusi are among those represented in a showing of oils and sculptures that have been left to the Museum by Katherine S. Dreier; through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ A group of American prints make up another exhibit of the Museum's recent acquisitions; through Aug. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Close to forty water colors of Israel (1951) and twenty-five sculptures dating back to 1931, all by Chaim Gross; through July 30. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibition of drawings by Abraham Walkowitz assembled from the Museum's collection and ranging from early detailed sketches to more recent abstractions; through July 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

IN THE COUNTRY

EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: An invitation show, with Pollock, Ossorio, and Zogbaum among the guests; starting July 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Tuesday evenings, 7 to 10; Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, 8:30 to 10.) . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: New York and Connecticut artists

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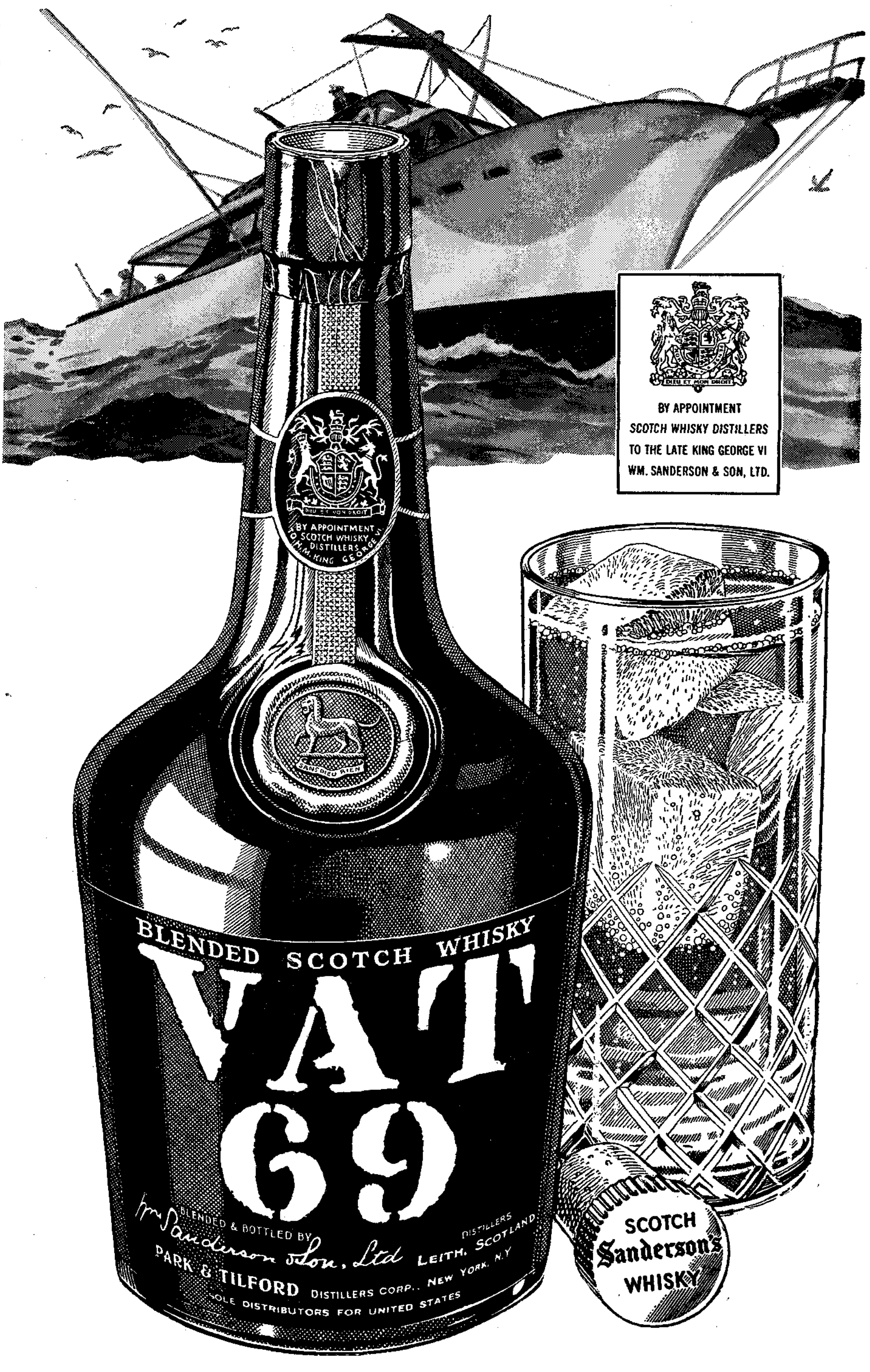
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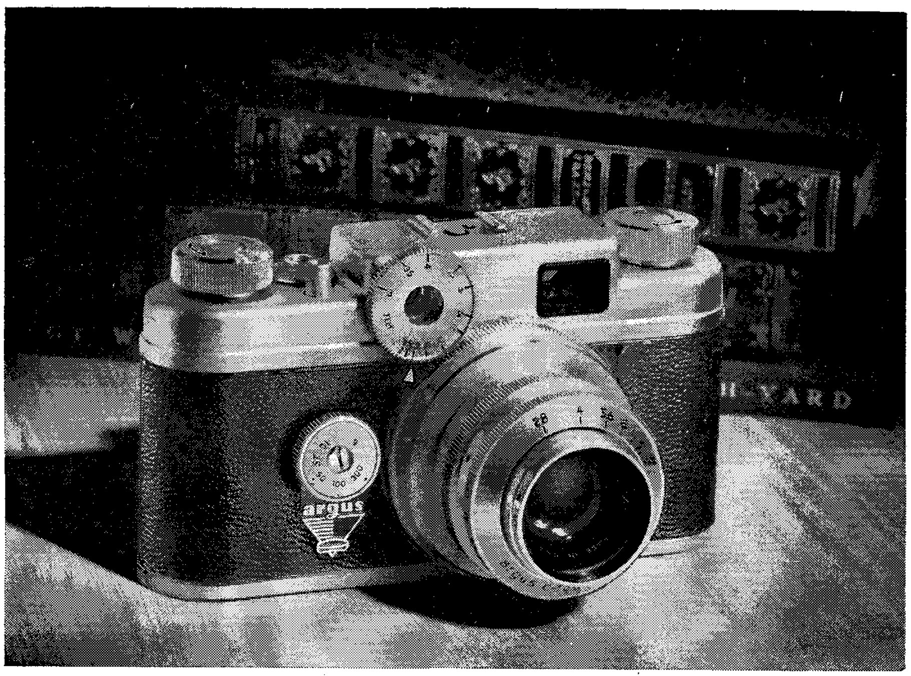

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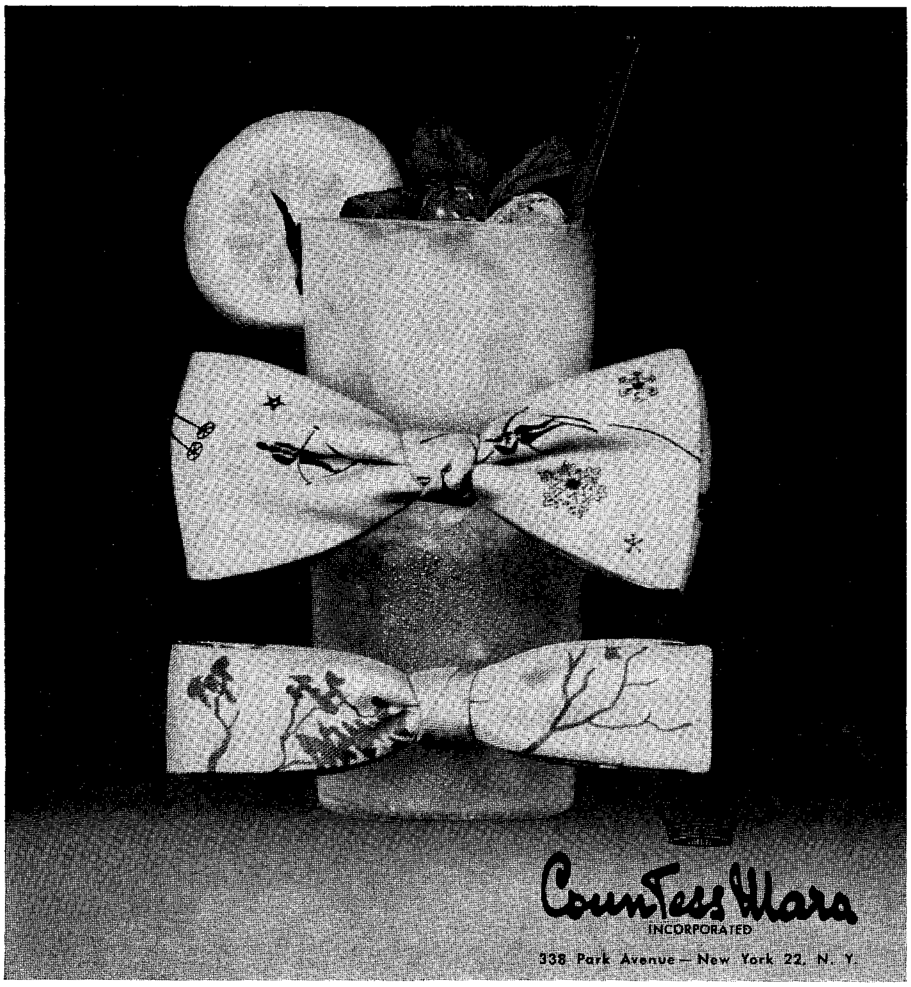


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are the contributors to the annual summer jury show here; through July 26. An exhibition by Boris Artzybasheff, Beatrice Cuming, Helen Clark Phillips, and other artist members; starting July 30. (Daily, 1 to 5, and Friday evenings until 9.) . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: A mixed-mediums show that includes pieces by Garrett Price, Kenneth Bates, Robert Brackman, and others; through Aug. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Robert Laurent, Henry Strater, Edward Betts, William Zorach—around fifty artists in all—represented by oils, water colors, prints, and sculptures; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Kootz Gallery: Paintings and sculptures by Baziotes, Bultman, Dubuffet, and others who are regularly shown at the Kootz Gallery in New York; through July 31. (Daily, 2 to 6.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: The first section of the Association's thirty-third annual, comprising paintings, graphics, and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Ted Kautzky, Jerri Ricci, Arnold Knauth, and Iver Rose; through July 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.) . . . WOODSTOCK, N.Y. Ganso Gallery: A set of fifty drawings, called "The Lovers," executed last winter by William Pachner in Florida, plus a group of oils by, among others, Edward Chavez, Bruce Currie, and Alex Redein; through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

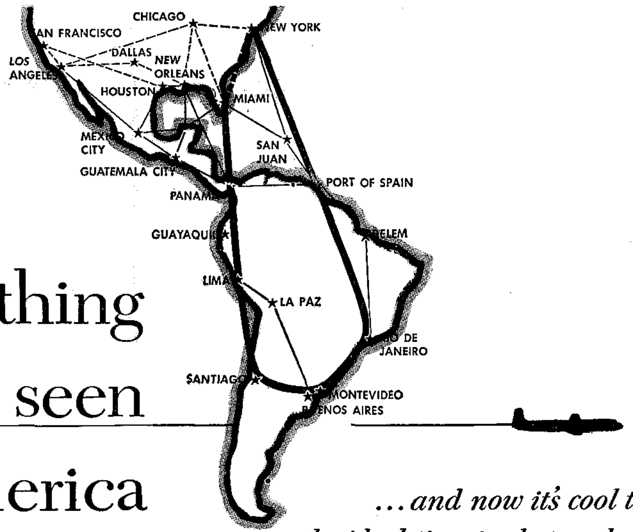
STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 23: Alexander Smallens conducting an all-Brahms program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 25: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music, with Jarmila Novotna, soprano, and Charles Kullman, tenor. . . . ¶ Monday, July 27: Otto Frohlich conducting, with the Slavenska-Franklin Ballet Company and Alexandra Danilova. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 28: Thomas Schippers conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 29: Thomas Schippers conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 30: Thomas Schippers conducting an all-Menotti program, with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, and Eileen Farrell, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Annamary Dickey, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; Thomas Hayward, tenor; and Robert Weede, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

OPERA—By the LEMONADE OPERA: "Don Pedro," a Mozart amalgam with an English libretto by Joseph Longstreth. (Lemonade Opera, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9831. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 1.) . . . SALMAGGI OPERA: "Madame Butterfly" is tentatively scheduled as the third in a series of six Saturday-night performances. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, July 25, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, except July 31, at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 16.) . . . ¶ Naumburg Memorial Concert, conducted by Joseph Hawthorne, with Joan Radley, cello. (Friday, July 31, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—The Boston Symphony—Saturday, July 25, at 8:30: Charles Münch conducting an all-Haydn program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 26, at 2:30: Charles Münch conducting, with Vera Zorina narrating a cantata by Lukas Foss. . . . ¶ Friday, July 31, at 8:30: Charles Münch conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Charles Münch conduct-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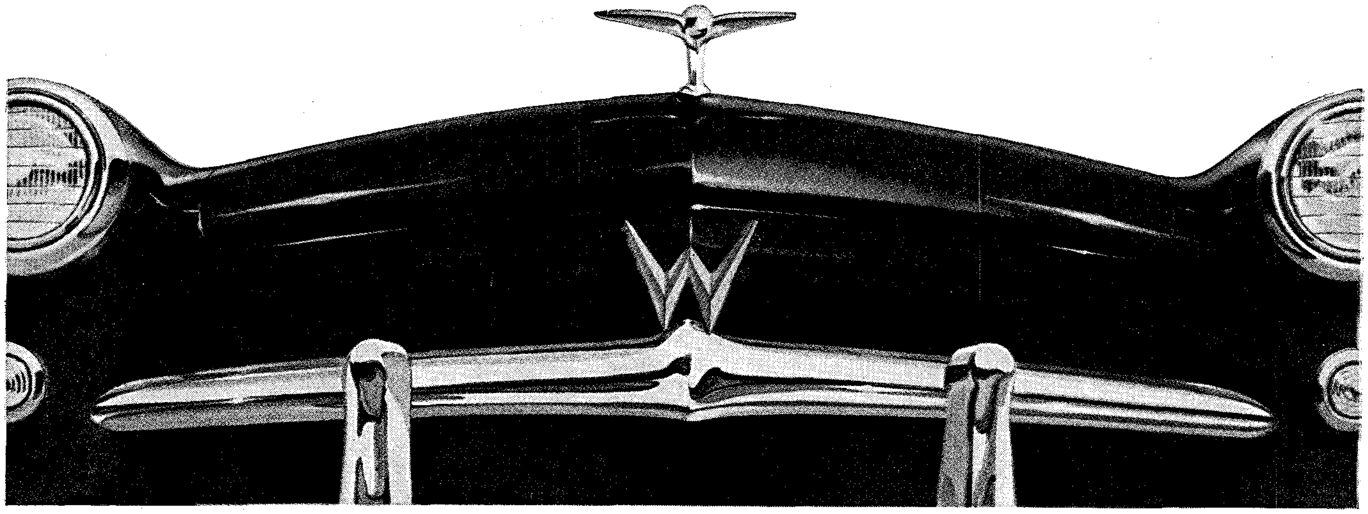

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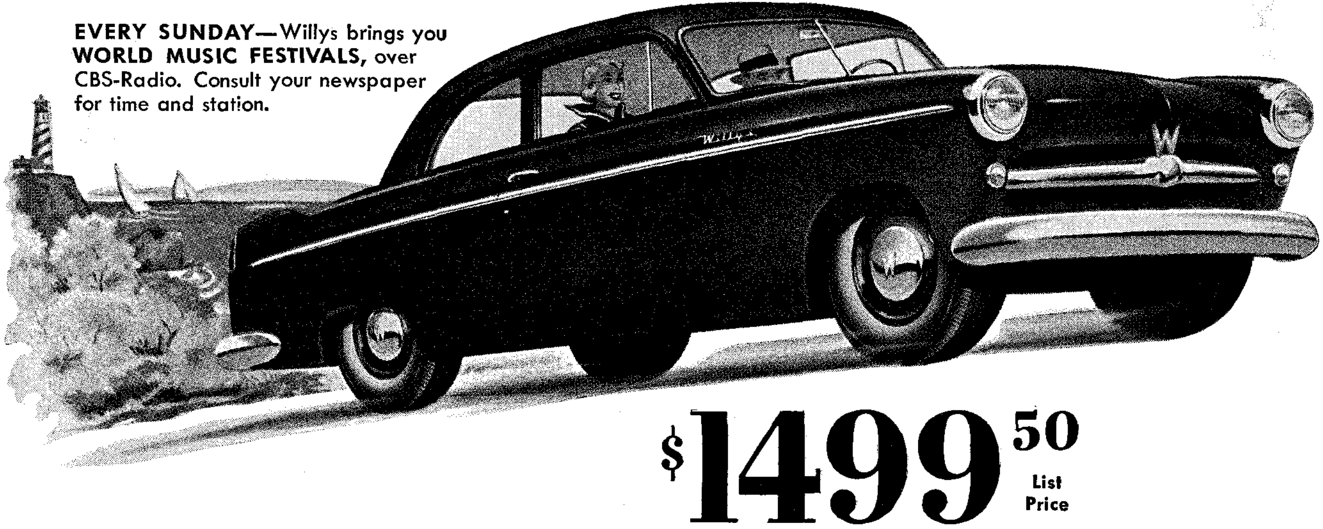

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ing, with Lukas Foss, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. The Festival will continue through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

New Haven Pops Concerts—Frank Brieff conducting the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, with José Iturbi, piano; the fourth in a series of six concerts. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Tuesday, July 28, at 8:15.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 6.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 23, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Milwaukee, Friday, July 24, at 8; Saturday, July 25, at 1:30; and Sunday, July 26, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **polo grounds:** Giants vs. St. Louis, Thursday, July 23, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday, July 24, at 8:30; Saturday, July 25, at 1:30; and Sunday, July 26, at 2. . . . **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, July 28, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, July 29-30, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 2.

Boxing—Danny Giovanelli vs. Carmine Fiore, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, July 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. Through Saturday, July 25.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Junior and Boys' Championship. (Cherry Valley Club, Garden City. Monday through Wednesday, July 27-29.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Beers Memorial Tournament. (Rock Spring Club, West Orange, N.J. Tuesday, July 28.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough. Wednesday through Friday, July 29-31.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Sands Point Golf Club, Port Washington. Wednesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 1.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—**blind brook polo club,** Purchase. . . . **bostwick field,** Westbury.

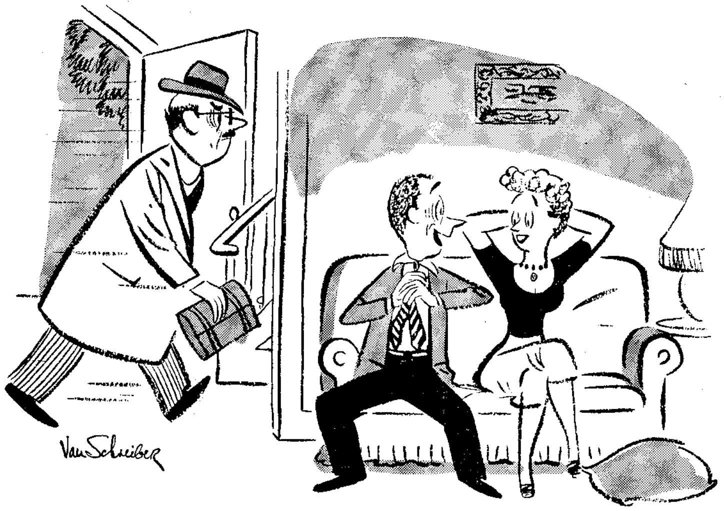
Racing—**saratoga at jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 25; the Albany, Wednesday, July 29; and the Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 1. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Monday, Aug. 10. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 25, and the Choice, Saturday, Aug. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturdays at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 81, W. 42nd St., at 11:15, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Tennis—Eastern Seniors' Championships. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Through Sunday, July 26.) . . . ¶ Pennsylvania and Eastern States Grass Court Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Through Sunday, July 26.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Tuesday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 2.) . . . ¶ Wightman Cup Matches. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1-2.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 7:04; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49.) . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 29.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 25.) . . . ¶ Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 24-25.) . . . ¶ Nantucket Yacht Club Regatta. (Nantucket, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 31-Aug. 1.)

(*Advertisement*)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Band Wagon—A loquacious musical but one that does have the sense to hold its tongue whenever Fred Astaire is inspired to do a dance. Mr. Astaire has Cyd Charisse as his partner this time out, and Jack Buchanan and Nanette Fabray are among others happily present. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Breaking the Sound Barrier—A shrill but fascinating English film about jet planes and the men who make and fly them. Ralph Richardson is splendid as one of the makers, and Ann Todd is her usual competent self as his daughter. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 23.)

Fanfan the Tulip—Gérard Philipe simulates a number of the gymnastic feats of Douglas Fairbanks in this French burlesque of movie costume drama. The picture includes lively gibes at some of the haphazard aspects of love and war. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A stylish version of the Wilde masterpiece, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, Edith Evans, and several other fine people, who are all very deft at tossing the incandescent lines about. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through July 25.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through July 26.... ¶ 5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting July 24.)

Julius Caesar—A West Coast cultural endeavor that moves with a tread so stately it sometimes seems to be making no progress at all. However, the film does have the virtue of employing James Mason as Brutus; John Gielgud as Cassius; and Edmond O'Brien as Casca, all of whom are apt in their Shakespearean readings. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Limelight—Charles Chaplin's somewhat garrulous account of life in the London music halls and the way of an aging and tired man with a maid. Rather solemn a good deal of the time, but not without glimpses of the Master cutting loose with his enormous comic talents. Mr. Chaplin has the assistance of his sons, Charles, Jr., and Sydney, and of Claire Bloom, an estimable young English actress. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; July 23.)

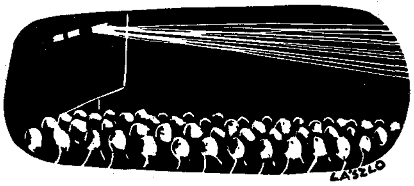
The Moon Is Blue—Some unusual dialogue and an occasional comic flutter make this version of the F. Hugh Herbert play reasonably tolerable. With Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Moulin Rouge—John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec, handsomely mounted and often high-spirited. José Ferrer plays the artist, and Colette Marchand is the fickle lady of his dreams. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through July 27, tentative.)

A Queen Is Crowned—A superb display of the pomp and circumstance, with a script by Christopher Fry, read by Sir Laurence Olivier. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Rome, 11 O'Clock—In this melodramatic Italian medley, the high points in the careers of several young ladies are sifted out. The ladies in question have in common the fact that they are involved in the collapse of a stairway while lined up to apply for a petty job. Cesare Zavattini is responsible for the script, which is based on an actual occurrence, and Giuseppe de Santis for the direction, which is solid. Carla Del Poggio, Lea Padovani, Lucia Bose, and Elena Varzi are in the cast. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Shane—George Stevens' Technicolor film about the Old West, which ought to make you think of the days when you got all choked up over the adventures of William S. Hart, William Farnum, Tom Mix, et al. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Van Heflin, and Brandon de Wilde. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting July 26.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting July 28.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope—An Italian comedy, very funny, played against a background of poverty and unemployment. The cast is made up of alleged amateurs, all of whom are wonderful. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 29, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; July 26-29.)

REVIVALS

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 29.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through July 24.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; July 26-28.)

The Eagle (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets play. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 26-27.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

The Great Caruso (1951)—Mario Lanza as the mighty Enrico. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 24-25.)

The Heart of a Nation (1943)—The history of a French family. Michèle Morgan and Raimu, and an English narrative by Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 29.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 29.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 25.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting July 27.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories of two girls in Greenwich Village. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through July 25.)

Nanook of the North (1922)—Robert Flaherty's famous documentary of the daily life of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay, now embellished with a very good spoken commentary. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

One Hundred Men and a Girl (1937)—Leopold Stokowski, Deanna Durbin, and an orchestra. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting July 29.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. In French, with Jean Marais. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 26-28.)

Tabu (1931)—More Flaherty, this time a film about life in the South Seas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

Trader Horn (1931)—Heart trouble in darkest Africa. Edwina Booth and Harry Carey. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

The Woman in the Window (1945)—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer with the best of intentions. Joan Bennett and Dan Duryea are also in it. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 25-28.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 28-29.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through July 26: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), with May McAvoy, Irene Rich, and Bert Lytell.... ¶ Starting July 27: "So This Is Paris" (1926), with Patsy Ruth Miller and Lilyan Tashman. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Stalag 17," William Holden, Don Taylor.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Ride, Vaquero!," Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Second Chance," a three-dimensional film, with Robert Mitchum and Linda Darnell.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
TRADER HORN, revival; and "Sequoia," revival, Jean Parker, Russell Hardie.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Houdini," Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Scared Stiff," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE BAND WAGON.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 28 (tentative): "The Charge at Feather River," a three-dimensional film, with Guy Madison and Frank Lovejoy.
From July 29: To be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through July 28: "Salome," Rita Hayworth, Stewart Granger, Charles Laughton.
From July 29: "Dream Wife," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Jane Russell, Marilyn Monroe.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Arena," a three-dimensional film, with Gig Young and Polly Bergen.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
ROME, 11 O'CLOCK (in Italian).

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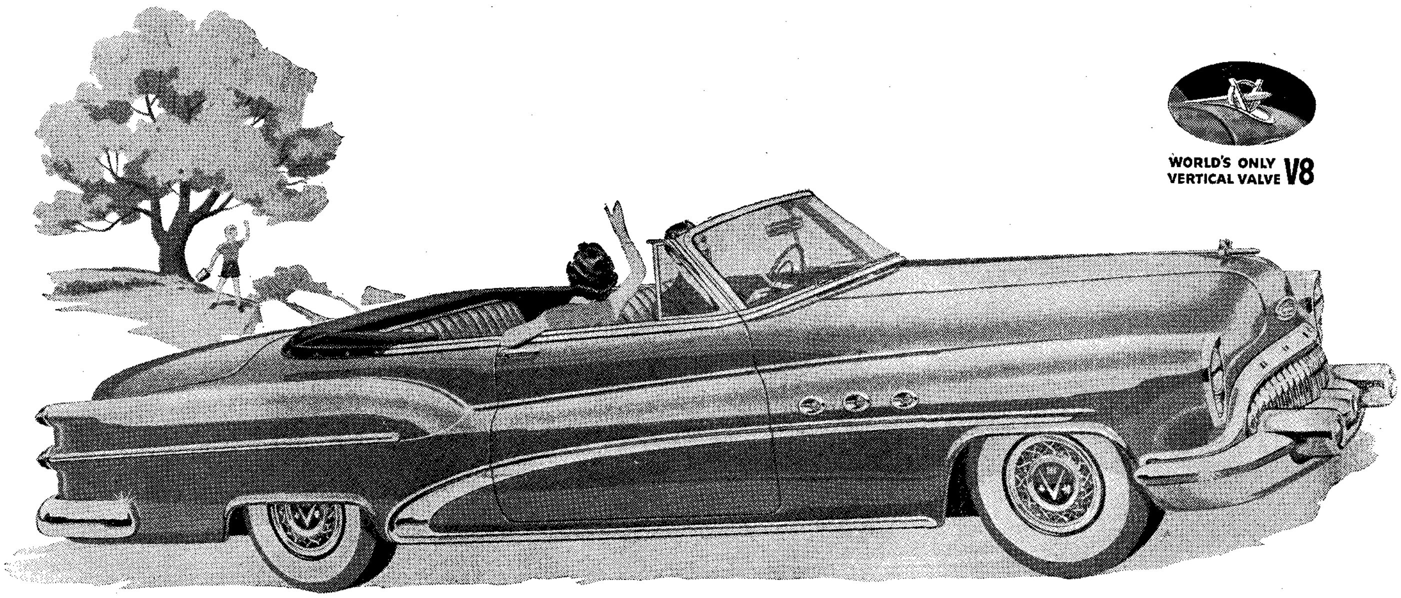

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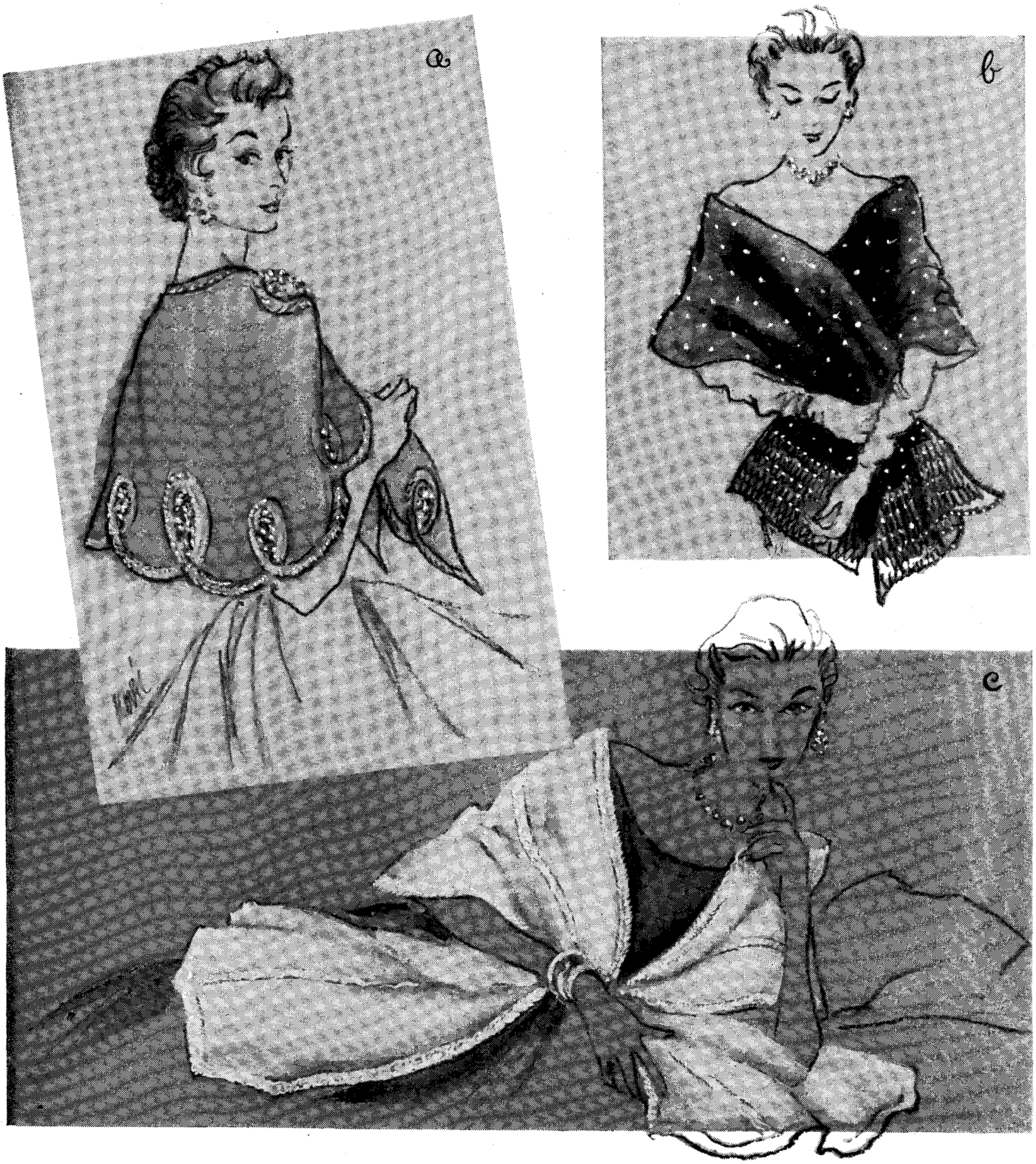

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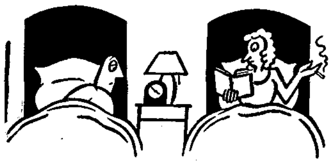
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

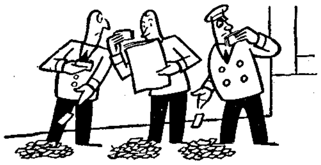
IN our lifetime the names of dozens of English country places have attracted us by the dippiness of their sound, but we saw a letterhead the other day that puts most other places in the shade and really tempts us to make the owner an offer. It is "St. John's Jerusalem, Sutton-at-Hone, Dartford, Kent." We'd like to live there so we could change it to "Sutton-at-Hone by the Telephone."

WAKENED by an unnatural brightness in the bedroom, we sat up and found that the light was on and our wife was reading. In one hand she held a lighted Parliament, in the other a book called "How to Stop Smoking." We glanced uneasily at the clock. It said ten minutes to four. Some hours later, at breakfast, we asked her how she had made out in the forests of the night—whether Benson & Hedges had won, or Herbert Brean, author of the book. "Oh," she said, "I wasn't reading for sense. I was just reading to induce eyestrain, so I'd go to sleep. Besides," she added contemptuously, "that guy is crazy. He says I might gain ten pounds if I stopped smoking. There aren't a dozen women in America who want to gain ten pounds." We held a match to her waiting cigarette, keeping alive the little fire that stretches back so far into both our lives, and returned to our newspaper and to brooding on the perils and fantasies of authorhood.



THE legal mind, which has often seemed to us to dwell gloomily in labyrinthine regions of its own devising, occasionally flashes forth in stark lucidity. We opened a small booklet this morning called "Tax Problems of Professionals Under Section 107," by Thomas H. Dendy, Maurice C. Greenbaum, and Abraham Tannenbaum, and the first sentence leapt cleanly from the page, like a panther at our throat. "Under the present tax structure," wrote Messrs. D., G., and T., "the non-salaried professional man has little opportunity to provide his own security program." Here in one sentence was the simple story of our life—the ceaseless search for the secret of security, the pervasive dream of getting a few jumps ahead in life's race, the pitiful attempts to balance the concept of thrift with the concept of chance, the restless trotting about from savings bank to race track, from race track to publisher's office, from full-sized typewriter to portable, always with one manuscript up our sleeve and another in the hands of the printer, always with the breath of the tax collector (now called the director) on the back of our neck, ever searching, ever dreaming, sometimes getting a little ahead, only to discover that September (month of the Third Payment) is a few short weeks off. Well, although we grope at rainbows and leap at every sunbeam, we still know a compact sentence when we see one. Our compliments to Messrs. D-G-T on their handiwork. We just want to warn them, though, that having produced one first-class bit of prose, they better not get so infatuated with the writing game that they lose their sense of proportion, abandon their salaried jobs, and start setting up their own security program. It's like setting up a card house in front of an electric fan.

THE *Daily Mirror* has been attempting to improve everyone's chances of security by offering cash prizes to holders of lucky dollar bills, or "bucks," as they are sometimes called. You can win as much as five hundred dollars if you hold a bill with the right serial number, a list of lucky numbers being published each morning in the paper. A friend of ours reports that he stumbled upon a group of lucky-buck hunters in the lobby of his apartment building one morning recently and that the scene was a weird one. Two elevator operators and a doorman were gathered together for the serious business of checking their holdings against the *Mirror's* latest list. The men were stripping off dollar bills, comparing the numbers with the master list, and then discarding the bills in three piles on the floor. "That's no good," he heard one man say as a bill fluttered down. "That's no good. That's no good." The chant kept up; the piles grew with surprising rapidity. (The men seemed to be in possession of an unusually good supply of singles.) And there they lay—three thoroughly discredited stacks of worthless paper, lacking the one ingredient that is vital to a person's health.



Swap

FOR over eighty years now, the Seamen's Bank for Savings, chartered in 1829 "to receive as deposits from persons who are seamen and others immediately connected with a seafaring life all sums of money that may be offered for that purpose," has had its main office at the corner of Wall Street and Pearl. In the early days, it was important for the bank's place of business to be as close as possible to the docks, in order to attract depositors before they'd had a chance to squander every penny of their pay in waterfront stews. It has been some time, however, since the seafaring life contributed much more than a pleasant remembrance of things past to the bank, and recently, after cautious, decades-long discussion, the officers decided to take the bit in their teeth and move a couple of blocks farther inland. The spot they selected is now occupied by a sombre stone fortress, the former United States Assay Office, tucked between the truly skyscraping building at 40 Wall and the noble old Subtreasury Building, with its green bronze Washington on the front steps. A skip and a jump from the Stock Exchange, the House of Morgan, and other outstanding shrines, the site is one of the choicest in the financial district, and the bank plans to grace it with a twelve-story building, to be ready for occupancy next year, in time for the bank's hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary.

The bank acquired the structure from the federal government, which hadn't used it much since 1932, when the Assay Office moved to new quarters on South Street. The government was delighted when the bank offered to swap for it, even Stephen, a big office building in Brooklyn. The property has been in the hands of wreckers for several weeks, and when we were tipped off that its demolition was proving the toughest, dustiest, and most deafening operation ever seen or heard in those parts, we hastened downtown to investigate. We were taken in charge by a tall, gray-haired man named Robert Waters, who comes from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, heads a general contracting firm bearing his name, specializes in bank work, and is not in the least fazed by dust or temporary deafness. "Of course we're kicking up an awful racket here," he said, in the mild tones of the Eastern Shore. "You know how much noise a single compressed-air hammer makes opening a hole in a street? Well, my subcontractor has nineteen air hammers going all day long. The old place was built to withstand any kind of assault and to last a thousand years, and it can't be talked into falling down by itself."

Mr. Waters went on to say that the four-story façade of the building, as well as the basement vaults, burrowing five stories below street level, will be preserved. "The façade is in keeping with its neighbors, and besides the bank has a strong feeling for tradition," he said. "We'll carry the new building up over what used to be the roof of the old. Want to come inside and look around?" We said we'd be glad to, and he led us through a lobby writhing with air hoses and electric cables and into the gutted heart of the building. Water that had been sprayed over the upper floors to help lay the dust fell in a hundred scattered trickles through the cracked ceilings and splashed onto rubble. In the dark reaches of the rear wing of the structure, we made out the remains of an immense stack. "That stack used to go up a hundred feet over the top story, to carry off the smoke and fumes of the refining furnaces," Waters said. He reached out and touched a great broken wall of concrete and steel, which he identified as part of a vault. "There were vaults on every floor," he said. "Two and a quarter inches of sheet steel and a couple of feet of concrete. The steel we can salvage. By September, everything else will be at the bottom of the harbor."

Waters guided us down a flight of wet stairs without banisters and across a tiled basement to an opening in a wall that looked fully five feet thick. "This is the main vault," he said. "Five stories deep, with its own elevator, and separated from the rest of the building on all sides. Think of the bullion it held!" In the space between the outer walls of the vault and the walls of the building had been long banks of mirrors, set at such an angle that guards patrolling the vault could see all around it at every moment. Some of the mirrors were still in place, but we saw nothing in them, not even ourself. We got into the rickety elevator with Waters and slowly sank to the bottom of the vault. It was dark and cool there, and the hammers were out of hearing. We sniffed, and maybe what we sniffed was gold, but who are we to recognize the smell of gold? Of its own accord, the elevator began to moan, and with Waters beside us we hopped aboard, to mount slowly up, up, up toward the hard daylight of Wall Street.

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One World Intelligence (Culinary Division): The other day, the cafeteria in the United Nations Building offered "Yankee Pot Roast Bourguignonne."

The Cresca Company, an importing firm on Eighth Avenue, carries "French Dressing à la Russe."

Under the heading "American Specialty," a recent menu on the Queen Elizabeth listed "Boiled Flat Ribs of Beef, Française."

Sign on the Chopstick Restaurant, near Wenham, Massachusetts: "Chinese and American food—Boston style."

Unfair

THIS is a type of interjection we disapprove of, as unprofessional and unworthy of a college man. A Columbia Law student, occupying himself this summer by driving a taxi, picked up a bunch of babbling young men at El Morocco the other night and, after listening to their chatter for a block or so, couldn't resist asking if they had gone to Princeton.

"Yes," one of them replied.

"What class?" the driver asked.

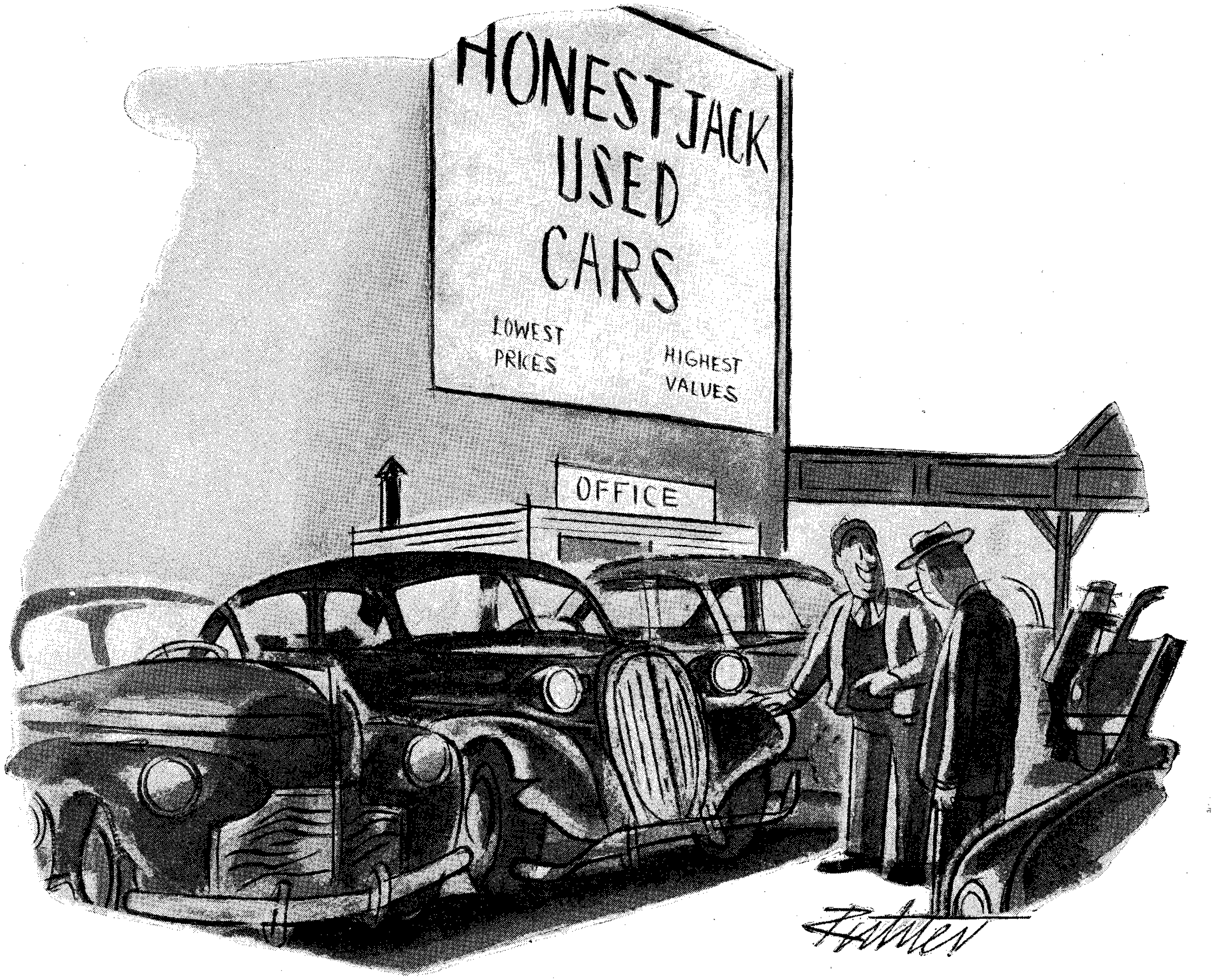
"1955," said his passenger.

"Oh, I was in the class of '46," the driver said.

No one uttered another word during the remainder of the ride to the Stork Club.

New Fare's Father

Major General Hugh J. Casey, chairman of the five-man New York City Transit Authority, which last week, with considerable hullabaloo, raised the fare on the subways, Elevated lines, and municipal buses to fifteen cents, to go into effect this Saturday, is a polite, soft-voiced, white-haired, mustached, blue-eyed man whose fifty-fifth birthday goes into effect this Friday, one day before the fare increase. In 1951, following a distinguished military career (D.S.C., D.S.M. with cluster, Silver Star, four Presidential unit citations, nine campaign stars, et al.), he



"Now, this one isn't worth a cent over eight hundred."

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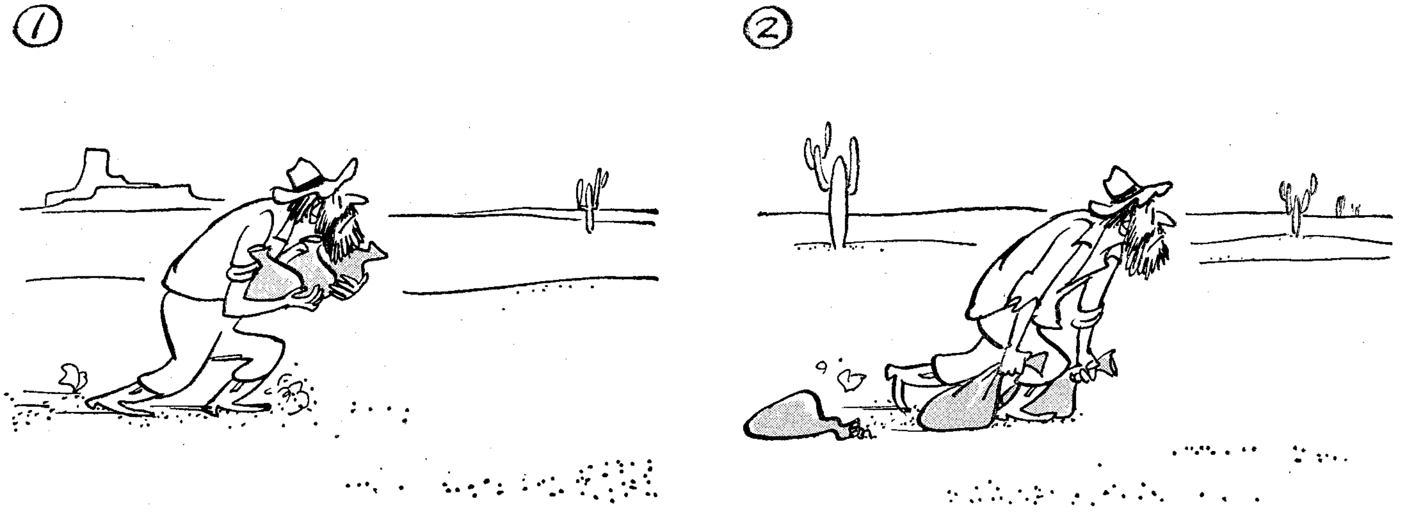
joined Schenley Industries as vice-president of its laboratories, and soon was made assistant to its chairman. A few months ago, he became executive vice-president of one of its principal sales subdivisions, Melrose Distillers. We found him in an office containing a showcase full of Three Feathers, Gibson Gin, Golden Wedding, and other convivial bottles, and asked him for data on his life and times. O.K. He was born in Brooklyn, attended Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and in 1915 was admitted to West Point, having made the highest mark in a competitive examination taken by sixty-two candidates. He roomed with Lucius Clay, stood third in a graduating class of a hundred and thirty-seven, and in 1918 was his roommate's best man. His daughter Patricia is now married to General Clay's younger son, Major Frank B. Clay. "General Clay and I simultaneously became grandparents for the first time," he told us.

General Casey served as company commander of the 219th Engineers in the First World War. Since then he has been chief engineer of the Passamaquoddy Tidal Power Development in Eastport, Maine; has directed New England flood-control surveys for the United States District Engineer's Office in Boston; and has been engineering adviser to the government of the Philippines on flood control, water power, and the construction of hydroelectric projects. The year before Pearl Harbor, he was chief of the Design and Engineering Section in the Office of the Quartermaster General, Brehon B. Somervell. "One Friday night," he said, "Bill Somervell called me in and said that on Monday morning he wanted general specifications, basic plans, and architectural perspectives for a new War Department building. That was a pretty big order for a weekend, but we did finish up the architectural perspectives for what is now the Pentagon Building. A month later, General MacArthur asked me to join him in the Pacific as his chief engineer, so that was the last I saw of the Pentagon till I returned to Washington in 1944 and found it a completed structure."

General C. slipped and fell in a Signal Corps cable ditch in the Philippines just before the invasion of Leyte and displaced a vertebral disc. "The Seabees made me a little brace," he said, "and I landed on a stretcher. I used to play tennis and golf, but I can't any more. Now, about this transit job. It's a temporary, six-year position. The pay is zero-point-zero. We're responsible for a transit system that cost one billion seven hundred million dollars to install and would cost four billion to replace. It handles two billion passengers a year, covers seven hundred miles of trackage and six hundred miles of bus routes, and has forty-five thousand employees. It's been operating at an annual deficit of fifty million dollars. The new fare



should wipe that out, but it won't take care of depreciation, for which the city provides a subsidy. The rider will still be heavily subsidized by the city. We'll have twenty million subway tokens ready by the end of the month, and we'll eventually provide forty-one and a half million of them."

The Transit Authority's chairman, who has an Irish tenor that he likes to exercise with friends, lives on East End Avenue with his wife. The elder of their two sons, Major Hugh Boyd, was killed in Korea a year and a half ago. "He could have come home," his father said, "but he volunteered to stay on. He stayed on too long."

Midsummer Nonsense

WELL, here's our first summer-camp letter of the new season:

DEAR MON AND DADIE:

Camp is fine excep rideing is hard hard hard and hard whin you fall off. I say it is hard whin you fall off cus I now cus I fell off a horus. This morning we went on a hick. Easy. Pleas put Cabin 8 on my letters and sned me some mony and comicks, otherys I hav no mony. There are to cheeters in my cabin but Im not telling any names.

Love and dont forget to put Cabin 8.

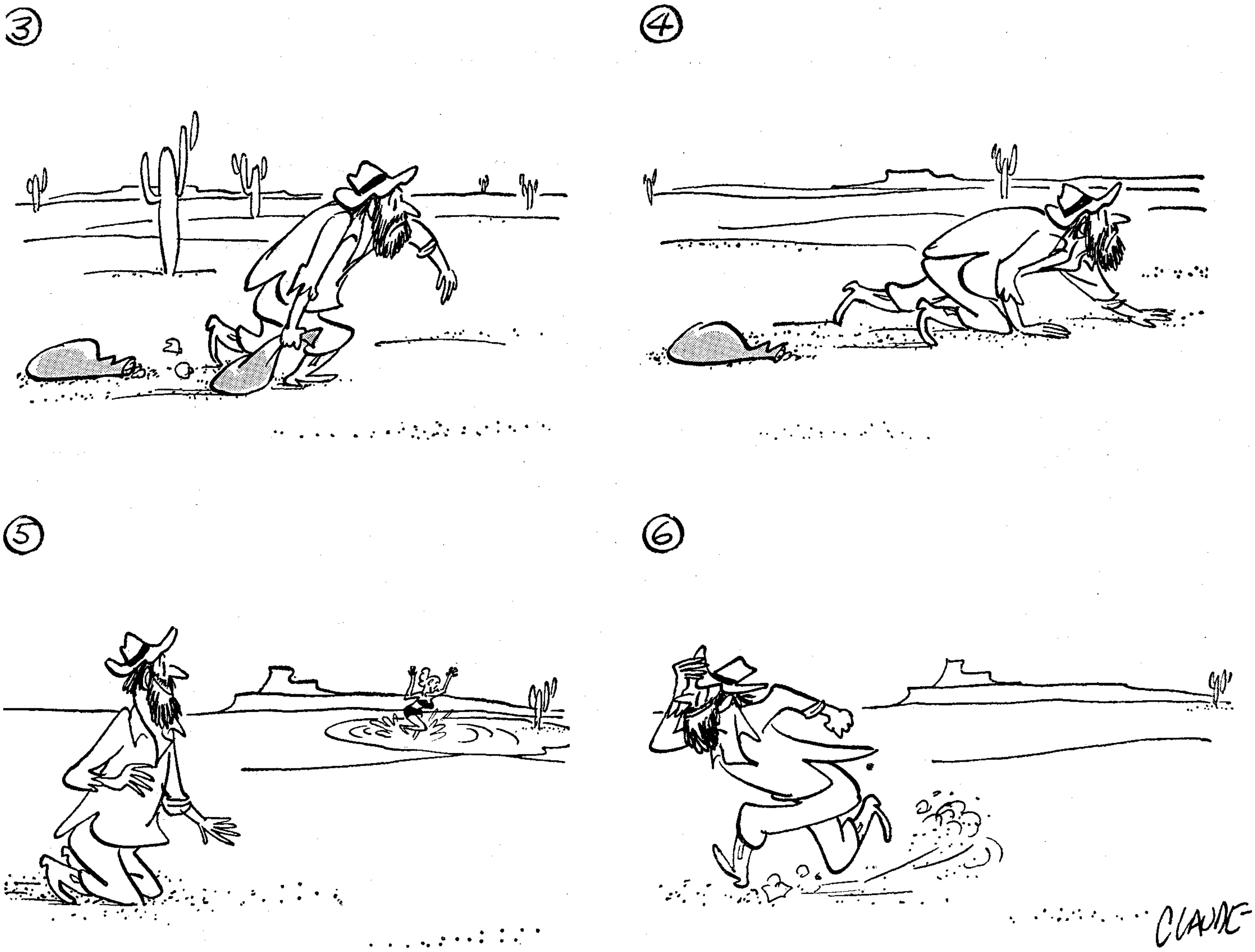
RUSSELL

No "Oompah"

THE International Piano Teachers Association held its annual convention in town last week, and so did the Shriners. This coincidence produced, as we can attest after a visit to the Hotel Statler, where the I.P.T.A. was meeting and where the nobles of Syrian Temple, of Cincinnati, were residing, a condition that was both invigorating and distracting. Our appointment at the Statler was with Mrs. Robert Whitford, of Miami, wife of the founder and president of the I.P.T.A., and we ran her to earth in the Georgian Room. Mrs. Whitford, a young and enthusiastic brown-haired lady, told us that the Association, which was founded eight years ago, has three thousand members in twenty-six countries, and meets annually to exchange tips on piano instruction, soak up piano lore, and discuss various refinements of technique. "We have about five hundred members on hand," she said. "But only two countries are represented this year—the United States and Canada." She further apprised us that it's not very easy to conduct a piano teachers' convention in contiguity with the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. "We have a very rigid agenda," she said, "but it's awfully hard to keep to it. Those Syrian gentlemen keep exploding firecrackers and blowing whistles. Also, most of our members are ladies, and—er—well, you know. I must say, though, that when you get the Syrian gentlemen out in the open, they're just as nice as pie. Five of them came to our Association dance last night, and they were perfectly charming. Would you like to attend one of our sessions? Right now, my husband is giving a talk on the theory of piano instruction, and later we're going to hear about rubato and fourteen ways of maintaining pupil interest."

We were, of course, agreeable, and followed her into an annex of the Georgian Room, where Mr. Whitford, a jolly pedagogue with a high forehead, was standing on a platform alongside a piano. He was informing an audience of perhaps two hundred people—mostly ladies, we noted—that the way to teach piano was to concentrate on the hand, the eye, the ear, and the analytical. He occasionally illustrated his points by sitting down at the piano and knocking out an arpeggio or two. "I also approve of memorization," he said. "In fact, I insist on it with many types of children." He went on about memorization for a bit and presently announced that he'd have to lay off, because of time limitations, and would take questions from the floor. A lady with short gray hair asked him what kind of pedal work he advocated for popular music. "Well," he said, "I think Art Tatum is an excellent exponent of that sort of thing, and he pumps every beat." He repaired again to the piano and kicked around "When the Saints Go Marching In," stomping on the pedal at every beat. "Ordinarily, if the pupil is not up to Tatum, popular music can be pumped every other beat," he said as he quit. "Now we come to rubato."

Mr. Whitford then introduced a big rubato man named Harrison T. Meserole, who began his address with a mumbled recitation of Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale." "Now, wasn't that horrible?" he inquired. "I shall now try it with expression, or rubato." This time through, he was very expressive. "'Rubato,' in Italian, means 'robbed,'" he went on. "It refers to robbing one note of its length in favor of another note. It is one of the most controversial of subjects. What we must have is not 'oompah, oompah' but a fluctuating tempo. Just as we shouldn't read poetry as 'hum-drum-*drum*,' so must we play music with rubato." Mr. Meserole announced that he would demonstrate rubato by giving a Brahms saraband a few belts. "Brahms wrote this composition in 1855," he said as he sat down at the keyboard, "but it wasn't published until after the twentieth century had set in. There's an interesting story about this saraband, which means, as you know, a stately dance. It seems that—"



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The interesting story was stopped in its tracks by a reedy wail from an Oriental flute, which seeped into the room from the corridor outside, accompanied by muffled baritone laughter. Mr. Meserole compressed his lips and tried again. "According to this story," he began gamely, but this time the invisible flute player cut loose with a shattering crescendo, ran out of gas on the top note, and ended in a squeak. Wild merriment could be heard in the corridor. "To further demonstrate the meaning of rubato, a quite impossible feat in the half hour I have been allotted," Mr. Meserole said icily, "I shall call on two of my pupils. It has been maintained that rubato cannot be managed by younger pupils, but it is my belief that it can." While Mr. Meserole's pupils, a pair of handsome teen-age girls dressed, respectively, in white and red, were making their way to the piano, we heard the explosion of a cannon cracker outside. "Let me reiterate," Mr. Meserole said, "that fluctuating rhythm, or fluctuating pulse, is what makes all compositions glow—outside of marches and some of the popular dance tunes. Now, girls!" The girl in the red dress played a non-rubato version of "Rondo Capriccioso," by Mendelssohn, and followed it with quite an expressive version; the girl in the white dress did the same for "Summerland," by William Grant Still. They were periodically interrupted by the bells and firecrackers of the Shriners, running amuck in the streets below the Georgian Room. "And now my time seems to be up," said Mr. Meserole. "I have one minute for questions." A huge rubato welled up from the Syrians on Thirty-third Street.

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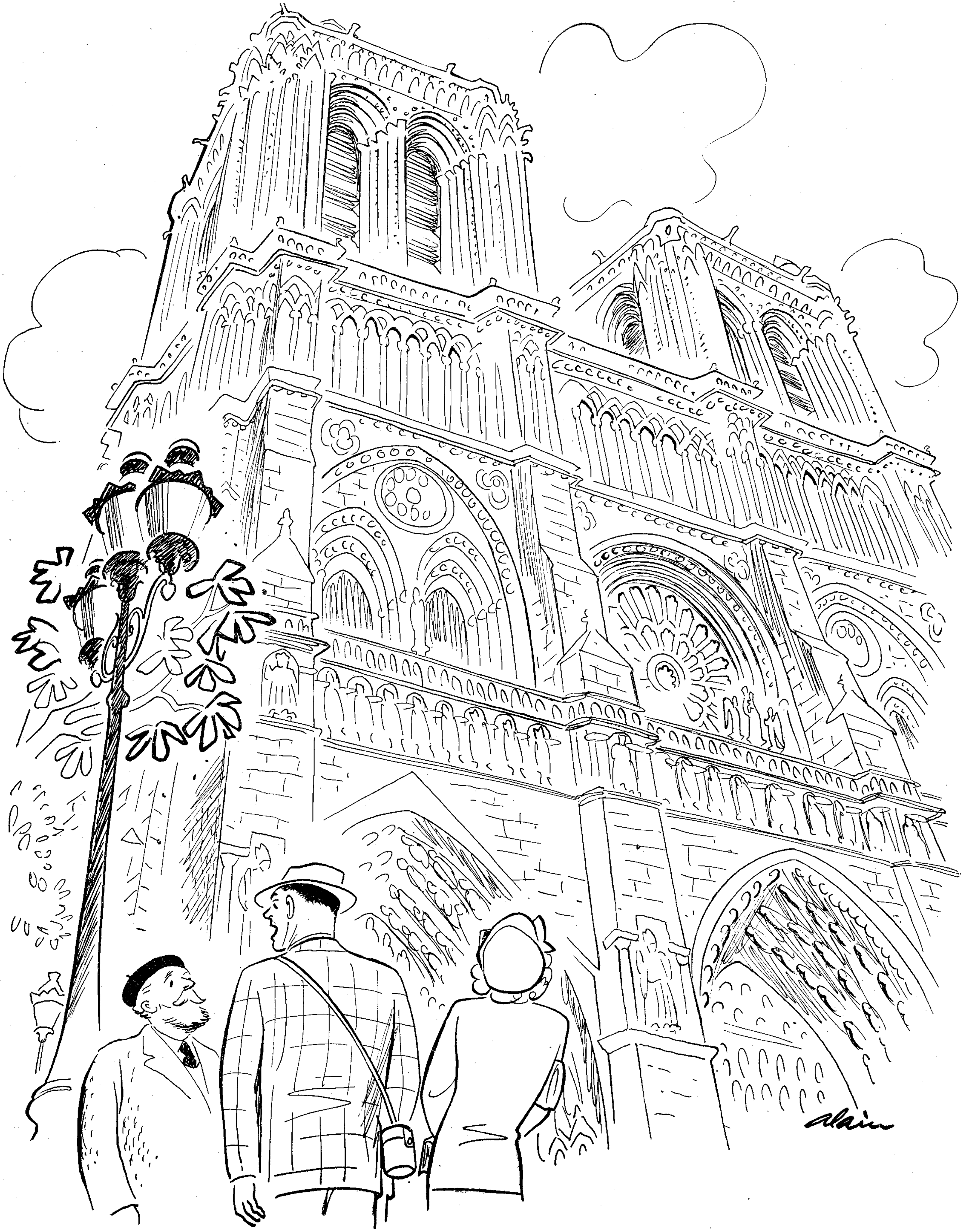
SEEING so many fezzes around town last week reminded us of a domestic tragedy, or near tragedy, caused by a fez. It is a simple tale, and it has a happy ending.

A man named Cliff, who lives in a coastal town in Maine, took a job one summer as captain of a yacht in Long Island Sound waters and was gone from home all summer and a good part of the fall. During this time he joined a temple in Connecticut and became the owner of a fez. Shortly after Cliff's return home, neighbors became aware that his wife, Ruby, was acting very cool toward him. People were surprised about this, as the couple had always been extremely compatible. The explanation didn't come out until one winter's afternoon when the principal of the local high school dropped in for a call. Cliff wasn't around, so the principal sat in the kitchen and chewed the fat with Ruby. Noticing a fez on top of the kitchen cabinet, he remarked, "Well! I didn't know Cliff had a fez." There followed a short silence, and then Ruby, who seemed suddenly to experience relief, said, "Is *that* thing a fez?" "Sure it's a fez. Why?" said the educator. "Well," said Ruby, reluctantly, "when Cliff got back from yachting last fall, I found a postcard in his pocket and it said, 'Meeting Thursday night—come and bring your fez.' I was some worried, until just now."



"I played on Notre Dame."

GETTING THE GUGGENHEIMS INTO FOCUS

IN the course of a recent study in clarification entitled "Straightening Out the Straus(s)es," I volunteered to do as much for the Guggenheims in a later paper, provided I got a Guggenheim Fellowship to do it. No fellowship has been forthcoming, but my paper is, anyway. Money isn't everything, though after plunging through a sea of Guggenheims for some weeks, as I have, you get the idea that there's a lot of it around, mostly underground. Or was. A good deal of it—in the form of copper, silver, lead, gold, tin, nitrates, and diamonds—has been dug up by the Guggenheims; several years ago, according to the New York *Times*, they were two hundred million dollars the better for these operations. Some people have all the luck—I have done a peck of digging in my day, and all I have to show for it is a bunch of sphinx-moth pupae. The sphinx caterpillar pupates underground, and does not spin a cocoon. The soil keeps him warm enough, during the period of hibernation, and protects him from birds, although an enterprising mole can always get him. So can an enterprising heterocerist like me. Potato and tomato fields are the places to look. A sphinx pupa is worth about twenty-five cents on the open market, but the demand is limited. Collecting insects is no way to get rich; you never see a Guggenheim dillydallying around a potato field. The country's greatest accumulation of sphinx moths was formed by a rich man, the late B. Preston Clark, of Boston, who left thirty thousand specimens to the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh. Clark made his money out of rope, though. There are no moth millionaires, as such.

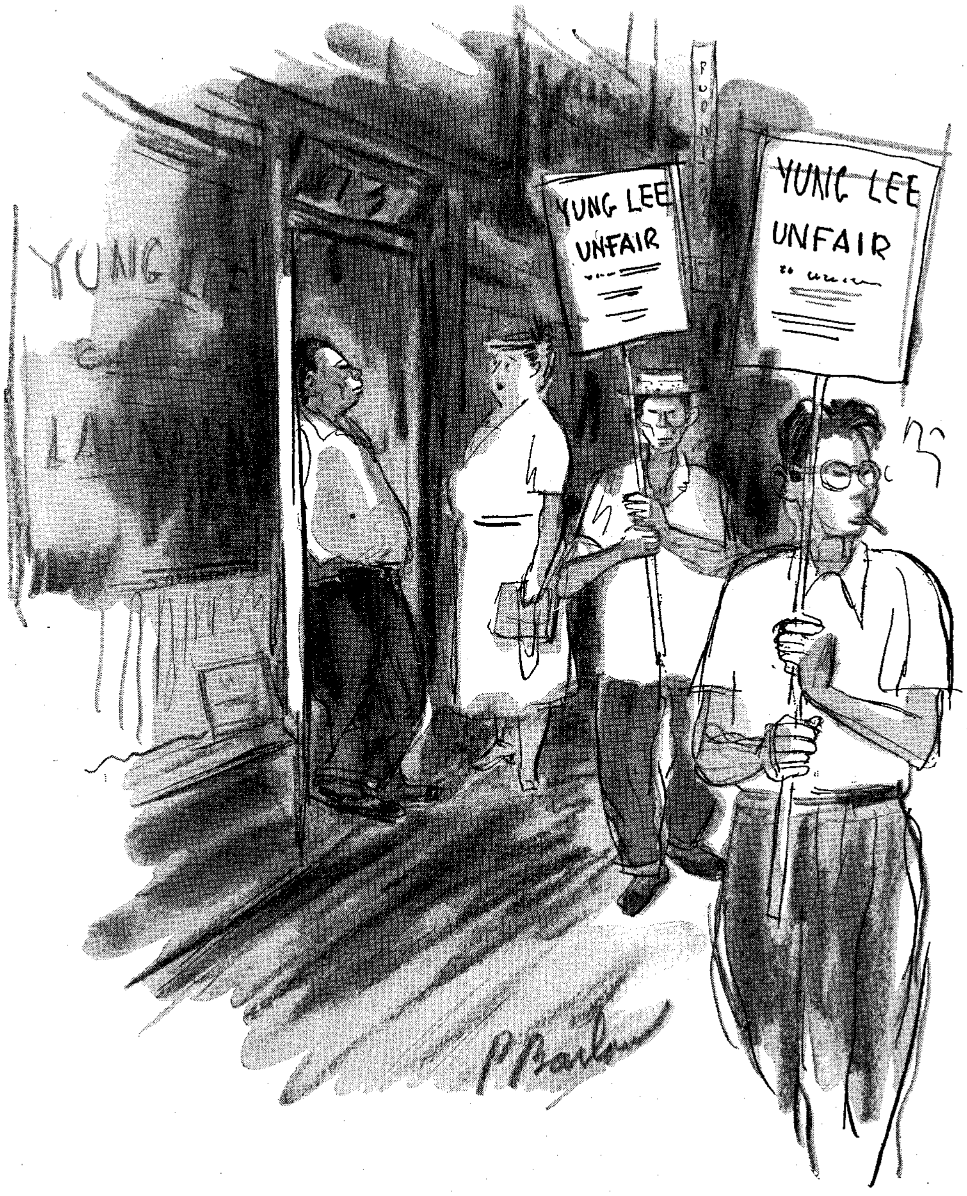
The founder of the American Guggenheim digging family was Simon Guggenheim, a Swiss tailor who came here in 1848 with his son Meyer, his second wife, seven stepchildren, and five sisters. This hegira had absolutely nothing to do with the Revolution of 1848—the emigrating fifteen left Switzerland in 1847, and it took them four months to get here. In my opinion, Carl Schurz or no Carl Schurz, that whole 1848 business has been very much exaggerated—a lot of people came over here around that time just because they felt like it, or because of the dough. In many cases, their brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts stayed where they were, and became Geheimrats, and so forth, so you can see things weren't as bad in Europe as they are sometimes painted, retroactively. A retroactive painter is worse than an abstract painter. Meyer Guggenheim had seven sons who grew to manhood (an eighth died in childhood)—Isaac, Daniel, Murry, Solomon, Benjamin, Simon, and William. They and their father went into business together, under the style M. Guggenheim's Sons, and, after fooling around with lace and embroidery for a while, began to dig. The ones who dug the most—and left eight-figure portfolios when they died—were Isaac, Daniel, Murry, Solomon, and Simon. These men stopped being Sons and became Brothers in 1916, when M. Guggenheim's Sons was succeeded by Guggenheim Brothers. Benjamin, who was dead, and William, who had given up digging around 1900, had been Sons, but they never became Brothers.

The five Brothers and two brothers had three sisters. All were the children of step-siblings. Their grandfather, a widower, married a widow, and his son Meyer married a daughter of his stepmother's by her first marriage, a girl named Barbara. He fell in love with her on that long trip over here. The name Barbara has sprouted on the Guggenheim family tree six times since. There is also a Sindbad, a Pegeen, a Noel, an Iris, and a Wanda. The Macy Strauses, one of whom married a Guggenheim, are descended from first cousins, and so are the Seligmans, a family of bankers into which Benjamin Guggenheim married, but these clans never had a patch on the Guggenheims when it came to multiple-figure portfolios. Step-siblings are the thing.

Another point about the Sons: None of them was much over five feet five. Short men have more energy than tall men; their blood gets around faster, and so do they, when it comes to rounding up proxies. In 1900, the Guggenheims rounded up enough proxies to wrench control of the American Smelting & Refining Co. from the Lewisohns and Henry H. Rogers. This is a bold oversimplification, but a bold wrench deserves a bold oversimplification.

Bernard Baruch, who is six feet four and often acted as a broker for the Guggenheims, is an exception to my short-man theory. He admirably reflects another theory I have, however—that elder statesmen better be tall. I am convinced that if Baruch had been eight or nine inches shorter, he would never have become an elder statesman. Simon Guggenheim, the Son and Brother, became a middle-aged statesman at forty, when he was elected United States Senator (R.) from Colorado, but he quit six years later, and he never did get to be an elder statesman, though he lived to be nearly seventy-four. Another ten or eleven inches, and things might have been different.

COPPER is the sparkplug and backbone of the Guggenheim fortune, and it would be easy to identify contemporary Guggenheims with the name of this natural resource, but strict accuracy forbids this. Harry Guggenheim, a son of Daniel, is a former director of the Braden Copper Company and the Kennecott Copper Corporation, president of the Guggenheim Nitrate Corporation, a former president of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, which spent three million dollars that was put up by his father between 1926 and 1930; a former Ambassador to Cuba; the co-publisher, with his wife, Alicia Patterson, of *Newsday*, a Nassau County daily; owner of this year's Kentucky Derby winner, Dark Star; and chairman of the board of trustees of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, which runs the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum on upper Fifth Avenue, an outfit devoted to modern art. He has hired Frank Lloyd Wright to design a new building for it. He is really an aeronautical, ambassadorial, art-museum, race-horse, and publishing Guggenheim. Frank Lloyd Wright is critical of the rich in general, but



"What's management's side of the story?"

he thinks the Guggenheims are O.K.

Last fall, the foundation installed as director of its museum James Johnson Sweeney, a Gaelic scholar and secret carpet manufacturer to whom another Guggenheim—Peggy, a daughter of Benjamin—once dedicated a book called "Out of This Century." Mr. Sweeney claims never to have read this book. Peggy is the most arresting lady Guggenheim to have come down the pike since 1848, and we will give her a hitchhike in a minute.

Harry's brother, Colonel Robert Guggenheim, is a well-known Washington host who used to dig but retired many years ago. He is a travelling, papal, sporting, and ambassadorial Guggenheim. As early as 1909, when he was only twenty-four, he noted in his biography in *Who's Who in New York City and State:*

> Has traveled extensively in European countries, also in U.S.; presented to Pope Pius X, January 21, 1906. Recreations: motoring, and breeding and exhibiting English bull terriers.

He has recently been appointed Ambassador to Portugal.

The only other male Guggenheim who gets around much today is Edmond, a son of Murry. He is a director of Braden and of Kennecott, and a vice-president and director of Guggenheim Nitrate. He is a policeman, or former policeman, Guggenheim. He was once a Special Deputy Police Commissioner of New York, in charge of the Bronx. There is only one Guggenheim in the Bronx telephone book. Non-copper. Non-cop.

Benjamin Guggenheim lost his chance of becoming a Brother by going down on the Titanic in 1912. He put on his dinner coat for the event. He probably wouldn't have made Brotherhood, or wanted it, anyway, as he had quit active participation in M. Guggenheim's Sons several years before in order to become a steam-pump Guggenheim. He was president of the International Steam Pump Company.

His daughter Peggy, née Marguerite, is an art-collecting, art-dealing, artist-collecting, and gondola-owning Guggenheim. She lives in Venice, in the Unfinished Palazzo, on the Grand Canal. She once ran an art gallery, devoted to Surrealist and abstract paintings, in Paris, known as Guggenheim *jeune.* Peggy is a *poor,* or non-multimillionaire, Guggenheim. Her father's estate, which Mr. Louis Sobol in the *Journal-American* recently placed at a hundred million dollars, was disappointing; she has described it as under two million. After his death, she writes in her autobiography, "Out of This Century," "my mother . . . started spending her own personal fortune. We moved to a cheaper apartment with fewer servants. She sold her paintings, her tapestries, and her jewelry. . . . From that time on I had a complex about no longer being a real Guggenheim. I felt like a poor relative." A man I know, a friend of the author, was asked by the *Times* to review this book when it came out in 1946. He noticed that many of the names in it had been altered, including that of a former husband of Peggy's, Laurence Vail. This appeared as Florenz Dale, even in a caption under a photograph of Mr. Vail, on which no false mustaches had been painted. Peggy was living in New York at the time, and my friend called her up to ask her how come. "My lawyer advised me to change some of the names because of the danger of libel suits," she said, "but it was too late to take the photographs out." My friend was so bewildered that he sent the book back to the *Times.* Another former husband of Peggy's is Max Ernst, the painter, now married to a Miss Tanning, buried in her predecessor's memoirs as Miss Tinning.

AN even more bewildering Guggenheim autobiography is that of William, entitled "William Guggenheim: The Story of an Adventurous Career." This, written in the third person, was presented by its publishers as a biography by one Gatenby Williams, but its subject's entry in *Who's Who* said: "Author: William Guggenheim (under pseudonym Gatenby Williams)." Although the book was issued by the Lone Voice Publishing Company, whose address was identical with that of Mr. Gatenby-Guggenheim's residence—3 Riverside Drive—the title page reads, under the name Gatenby Williams, "in collaboration with Charles Monroe Heath." The tone, now serious, now gay, is appreciative throughout. I append a few passages:

> Miss May [the biographer-biographee's primary-grade teacher], a delicate young woman, developed a great fondness for her star pupil. She found pretexts for keeping him after his schoolmates had been dismissed for the day. Then she would seat him upon the desk, where he watched gravely while she corrected papers. Occasionally she would lean over and kiss him. This, too, was part of his education; gave him his first intimation of the charm he was capable of exerting on older people.... Up through the various grades he went, always the leader of his class. There was no one who could vanquish him in the spelling-bees.
>
> Meanwhile, Will Guggenheim was learning much more than practical metallurgy. To preserve proper authority among his men, so much older and bigger than he, called for tact and human understanding. Fortunately he was well endowed by nature with these gifts and he developed them together with his technical knowledge. He shortly gained the affection of his employees and the absolute confidence of the miners, who had begun to call him "honest Will."
>
> María Espinosa was also present. Perhaps she had heard thrilling rumors of the fight. [Will, mining in Mexico, had trounced an insulting native.] Perhaps it was something else. At any rate, her manner toward Will was distinctly more ardent than it had been before. She found her opportunity during a moonlight interlude with him and, without warning, broached the subject of matrimony. He was scarcely prepared for *this* experience, but let her down as gently and vaguely as he knew how. "Then," said she, "my family will not permit me to see you again." It was true. But who shall deny there was a parting kiss?
>
> At the turn of the century, Will had just passed his thirty-first birthday. He was a nice-appearing young man. Well proportioned, though only about five feet four inches tall, he carried himself erect and with dignity. His hands were expressive, the gestures indicating refinement and a fundamentally artistic temperament. He dressed neatly and conservatively, avoiding bright colors and extreme styles. His hair, with a slight wave in it, was of a chestnut brown shade, tinged with gray. ... His eyes were grayish-blue; his lips met in an even line, yet they seemed extraordinarily sensitive, belying the arduous activities and responsibilities which had so long been his.... Perhaps most distinctive was his high prominent forehead. All the brothers, except Benjamin and himself, were dark. Seeing Will's light complexion and the cast of his features, one would not have surmised his Semitic ancestry.
>
> Will spent much time in the elegant gambling parlors of the [Monte Carlo] Casino.... Lady Luck in her gambling guise as usual did not often bestow her favors upon him, and he was only an occasional winner. He didn't mind; the rooms hummed with crowds and gaiety, a show well worth the money. The women were stunningly gowned, many of them extremely attractive, and their charm and modishness were not lost upon him. "Philanthropy" may have more than one interpretation and during his sojourn in Europe he never hesitated to explore its variety.
>
> Shortly before the wedding [his], Will decided to purchase a town house of his own and a country place. With his usual thoughtfulness he consulted the wishes of his prospective bride and the two of them with high hope and eager excitement frequently investigated together.

One fact which emerges from the youngest Son's book is that he and his father were *smiling* Guggenheims.

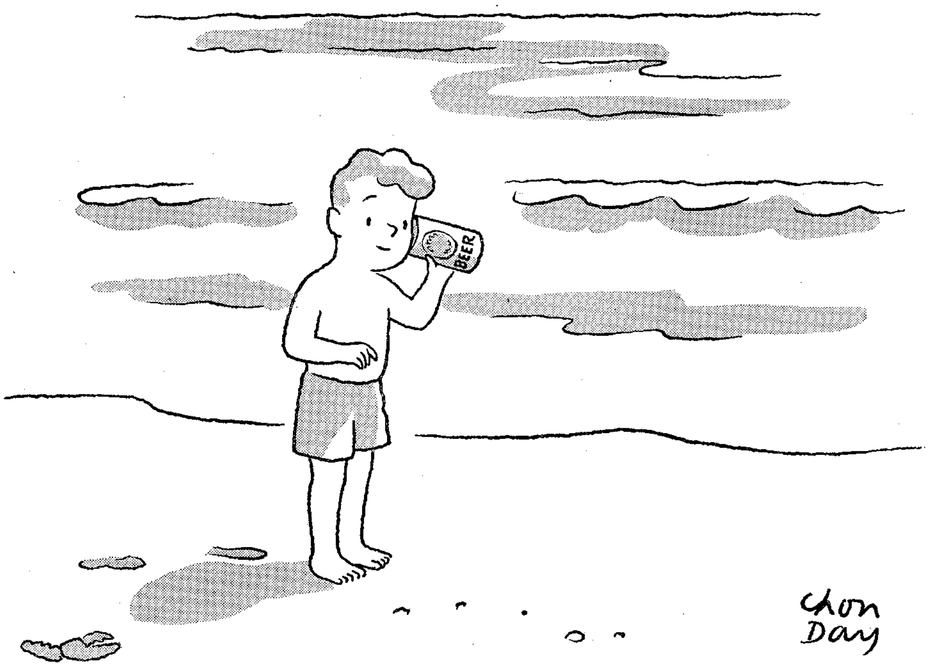
> 1872 [he writes] found [Meyer] entering the embroidery business, distributing in America the products of a number of factories he controlled by that time in Saxony and in his native Switzerland. Neighbors smiled; no good could come from such lack of stability and of fixed effort. What could a spice merchant know about embroideries? But Meyer Guggenheim smiled, too: he kept books of small neat figures and he knew that every change he had made had improved his financial status, had moved him a little nearer to his goal.

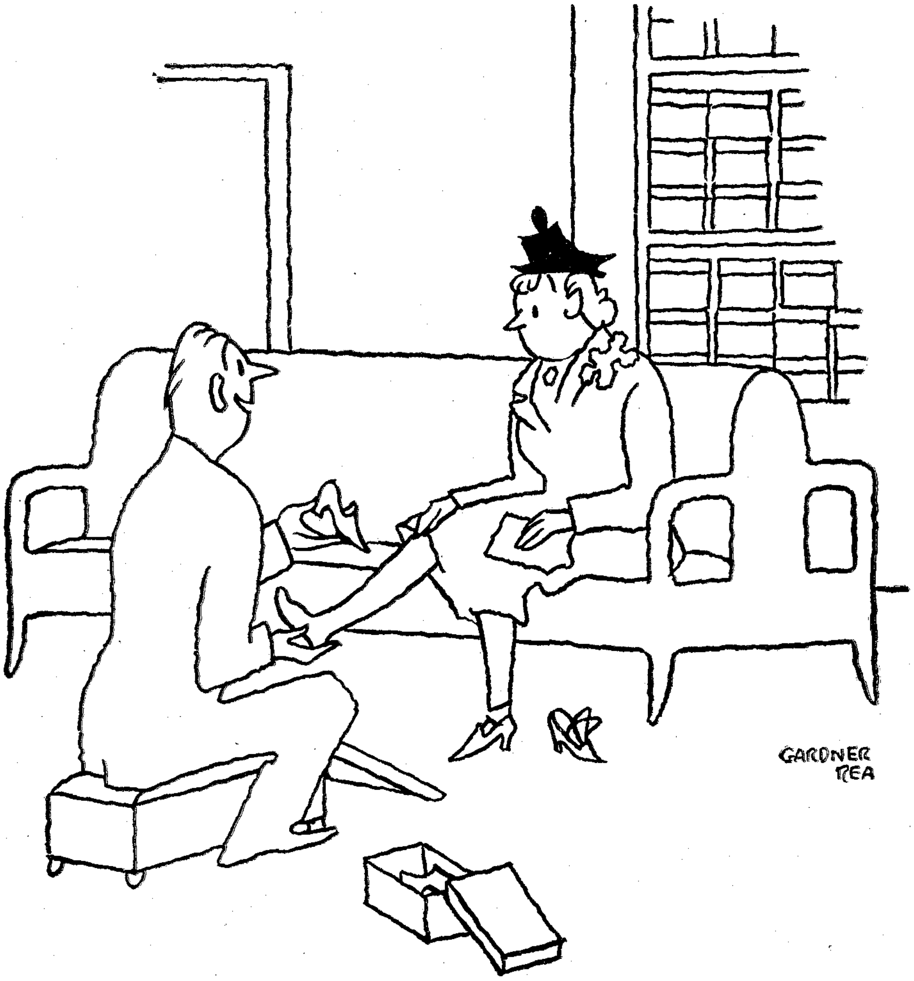
And again:

> In later years whenever he [Will] heard the renowned prima donna's name, and it was often mentioned, he would smile inwardly....

WELL, this will never do. I am rambling all over the lot. A little straight chronology is in order. The original Simon and his fourteen relatives settled down in Philadelphia, where he became a peddler. Meyer, prior to his embroidery (and lace) flyer in the seventies, peddled shoestrings and stove polish, had a tailor shop and then a general store, went into the lye-manufacturing business, and subsequently into spices. By this time, he was well off, having sold his share in the lye company for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Embroidery and laces and speculation in the market made him richer; in 1879, for five thousand dollars, one of the mightiest acorns the world has ever seen, he bought a half interest in two lead-and-silver mines in Leadville, Colorado—the A. Y. and the Minnie. For two or three years, nothing but water. He then put up fifty thousand dollars for the other half interest. I am indebted for this fact, which seems to me absolutely implausible, to Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson, who has embedded it in his book, "Metal Magic: The Story of the American Smelting & Refining Company." Why should a mine whose shafts were filling up with water for years increase in value tenfold? Obviously, I know nothing about business. Bingo! On a Friday morning in 1881, Meyer, ensconced among his embroidery in Philadelphia, received the following telegram from the Leadville mine superintendent: "Struck rich ore in A. Y. shaft number one. You have a bonanza."

The rest is history, and a hell of a long sentence—$181,000 in pure silver extracted from one stope, an 1890 valuation of the Minnie at $14,556,000, goodbye to lace and embroidery, goodbye to Philadelphia; hello to New York, to American Smelting & Refining, Braden, Kennecott, Guggenheim Nitrate, Nipissing Mines, the Yukon Gold Company, the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company, the Utah Copper Company, the Chile Copper Company, the Alaska Syndicate, the American Smelters Securities Company, the Anglo-Chilean Consolidated Nitrate Company, the Chile Exploration Company, the Guggenheim Exploration Company,





"Let's just squeeze this one on for size."

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and the *Société Internationale Forestière et Minière du Congo;* to the Whitneys, Morgans, Potters, Lewisohns, Kountzes, Schleys, Higginsons, Brownells, Ryans, and King Leopold II of the Belgians in business and the Seligmans, Strauses, Kuhn-Loeb-&-Co. Loebs, department-store Gimbels and brokerage Rothschilds and Josephthals in marriage; to Petit Trianons, Italian villas, and feudal castles on the Jersey coast and the North Shore of Long Island; to Ernest Hemingway, who in 1926 in "The Sun Also Rises" modelled Robert Cohn, at least in part, on Harold Loeb, a technocracy-fathering (remember technocracy?) grandson of Meyer; to the 2,750 Guggenheim Fellows who have contributed to the arts and sciences via the largess of the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, which Mr. and Mrs. Simon set up in 1925, and endowed with thirty million dollars, in memory of one of their sons; to Klee, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Braque, Seurat, Chagall, Picasso, and Modigliani, whose works Solomon included in his museum and hung on his walls at the Plaza; to the seventh Earl Castle Stewart, who married one of S. R.'s daughters and is president of the board of trustees of the Guggenheim Museum. The Castle Stewarts flew over here last February to attend the reopening of this repository under Mr. Sweeney's direction. For this event, Sweeney removed all the frames of the paintings that were exhibited, on the theory that pictures show to better advantage unframed. He has an enormous collection of discarded frames in the basement, in case anyone wants any.

SO much for the Guggenheims and household hints. There remain, I think, only two or three matters to be cleared up. The Guggenheimers, a well-known family of lawyers in this city, are *not* Guggenheims. No less an authority on the personnel and capers of wealthy families than the late Dixon Wecter fell into error on this point. In his "The Saga of American Society" he writes:

> Such magnificence [that of Otto Kahn's house on Long Island] was on a parity with that of Randolph Guggenheim, who while president of the Municipal Council of New York, in February, 1899, gave at the Waldorf what the *Herald* called "New York's most costly dinner" at $250 a plate, with nightingales singing in a grove of transplanted rose trees, arbors hung with hothouse grapes, liqueurs bottled before the French Revolution, and richly jewelled matchboxes and vinaigrettes as favors.

This was, of course, Randolph Guggenheimer, whose son, Charles S., and grandson, Randolph, are partners in the firm of Guggenheimer & Untermyer. (The Untermyer of this outfit, Samuel, was once a lawyer for the Brothers.) Charles recently celebrated his fiftieth wedding anniversary with his wife, Minnie, who has been chairman of the Lewisohn Stadium Concerts for thirty-six years; the present Randolph's older son, Charles S. II, is sports editor of the *Yale Daily News*; his brother, Randolph, Jr., will be a freshman at Yale this fall. The roistering Randolph, who came to New York from Lynchburg, Virginia, after the Civil War, was simply out-Guggenheiming, or possibly out-Guggenheimering, the Guggenheims. To do him justice, he was ordinarily a rather sober fellow, and a good citizen. "As commissioner of the common schools from 1887 until 1896," an old encyclopedia notes, "he originated the evening high school system peculiar to New York City . . . and secured the retention of the German language as part of the school curriculum." He probably had an expense account the night he entertained all those nightingales.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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LINES PROMPTED, NO DOUBT, BY AN ESCAPE MECHANISM

Weary of evaluating basic criteria,
Weary of implementing orientation,
Of visualizing motivational factors wearier,
He bade a vindictive farewell to civilization.

The jungle apes sought he out, and upon them spying,
He gained of the simian language a smattering.
"His gesture is a challenge!" the pleased primates were crying.
"It is indeed a dynamic concept!" he heard them chattering.

—MORRIS BISHOP

DOG RACE

We were both up early when the big day came. I wandered into the kitchen for a shave, but Claud got dressed right away and went outside to arrange about the straw. Through the kitchen window, I could see the sun just coming up behind the line of trees on top of the ridge the other side of the valley.

Each time Claud came past the window with an armload of straw, I noticed over the rim of the mirror the intent, breathless expression on his face, the great round bullethead thrusting forward and the forehead wrinkled into deep corrugations right up to the hairline. I’d only seen this look on him once before and that was the evening he’d asked Clarice to marry him. Today he was so excited he even walked funny, treading softly as though the concrete around the filling station were a shade too hot for the soles of his feet; and he kept packing more and more straw into the back of the van to make it comfortable for Jackie.

Then he came into the kitchen to fix breakfast, and I watched him put the pot of soup on the stove and begin stirring it. He had a long metal spoon and he kept on stirring and stirring, and about every half minute he leaned forward and stuck his nose into that sickly-sweet steam of cooking horseflesh. Then he started putting extras into it—three peeled onions, a few young carrots, a cupful of stinging-nettle tops, a teaspoon of Valentine’s Meat Extract, twelve drops of cod-liver oil—and everything he touched was handled very gently with the ends of his big fat fingers as though it might have been a little fragment of Venetian glass. He took some minced horse meat from the icebox, measured one handful into Jackie’s bowl, three into the other, and when the soup was ready he shared it out between the two, pouring it over the meat.

It was the same ceremony I’d seen performed each morning for the past five months, but never with such breathless concentration as this. There was no talk, not even a glance my way, and when he turned and went out again to fetch the dogs, even the back of his neck and his shoulders seemed to be whispering, “Oh, Jesus, don’t let anything go wrong, and especially don’t let me *do* anything wrong today.”

I heard him talking softly to the dogs in the pen as he put the leashes on them, and when he brought them around into the kitchen, they came in prancing and pulling to get at the breakfast, treading up and down with their front feet and waving their enormous tails from side to side like whips.

“All right,” Claud said, speaking at last. “Which is it?”

Most mornings he’d offer to bet me a pack of cigarettes, but there were bigger things at stake today, and I knew all he wanted for the moment was a little extra reassurance.

He watched me as I walked once around the two beautiful, identical, tall, velvety-black dogs, and he moved aside, holding the leashes at arm’s length to give me a better view.

“Jackie!” I said, trying the old trick that never worked. “Hey Jackie!” Two identical heads with identical expressions flicked around to look at me, four bright, identical, deep-yellow eyes stared into mine. There’d been a time when I fancied the eyes of one were a slightly darker yellow than those of the other. There’d also been a time when I thought I could recognize Jackie because of a deeper brisket and a shade more muscle on the hindquarters. But it wasn’t so.

“Come on,” Claud said. He was hoping that today of all days I would make a bad guess.

“This one,” I said. “This is Jackie.”

“Which?”

“This one on the left.”

“There!” he cried, his whole face suddenly beaming. “You’re wrong again!”

“I don’t *think* I’m wrong.”

“You’re about as wrong as you could possibly be. And now listen, Gordon, and I’ll tell you something. All these last weeks, every morning while you’ve been trying to pick him out—you know what?”

“What?”

“I’ve been keeping count. And the result is you haven’t been right even *one-half* the time! You’d have done better tossing a coin!”

What he meant was that if I (who saw them every day and side by side) couldn’t do it, why the hell should we be frightened of Mr. Feasey. Claud knew Mr. Feasey was famous for spotting ringers, but he knew also that it could be very difficult to tell the difference between two dogs when there wasn’t any.

He put the bowls of food on the floor, giving Jackie the one with the least meat because he was running today. When he stood back to watch them eat, the shadow of deep concern was back again on his face and the large pale eyes were staring at Jackie with the same rapt and melting look of love that up till recently had been reserved only for Clarice.

“You see, Gordon,” he said. “It’s just what I’ve always told you. For the last hundred years, there’s been all manner of ringers, some good and some bad, but in the whole history of dog racing there’s never been a ringer like this.”

“I HOPE you’re right,” I said, and my mind began travelling back to that freezing afternoon just before Christmas, when Claud had asked to borrow the van, and had driven away in the direction of Aylesbury without saying where he was going. I had assumed he was off to see Clarice, but late in the afternoon he had returned bringing with him this dog he said he’d bought off a man for thirty-five shillings.

“Is he fast?” I had said. We were standing out by the pumps and Claud was holding the dog on a leash and looking at him, and a few snowflakes were falling and settling on the dog’s back. The motor of the van was still running.

“Fast!” Claud had said. “He’s just about the slowest dog you ever saw in your whole life!”

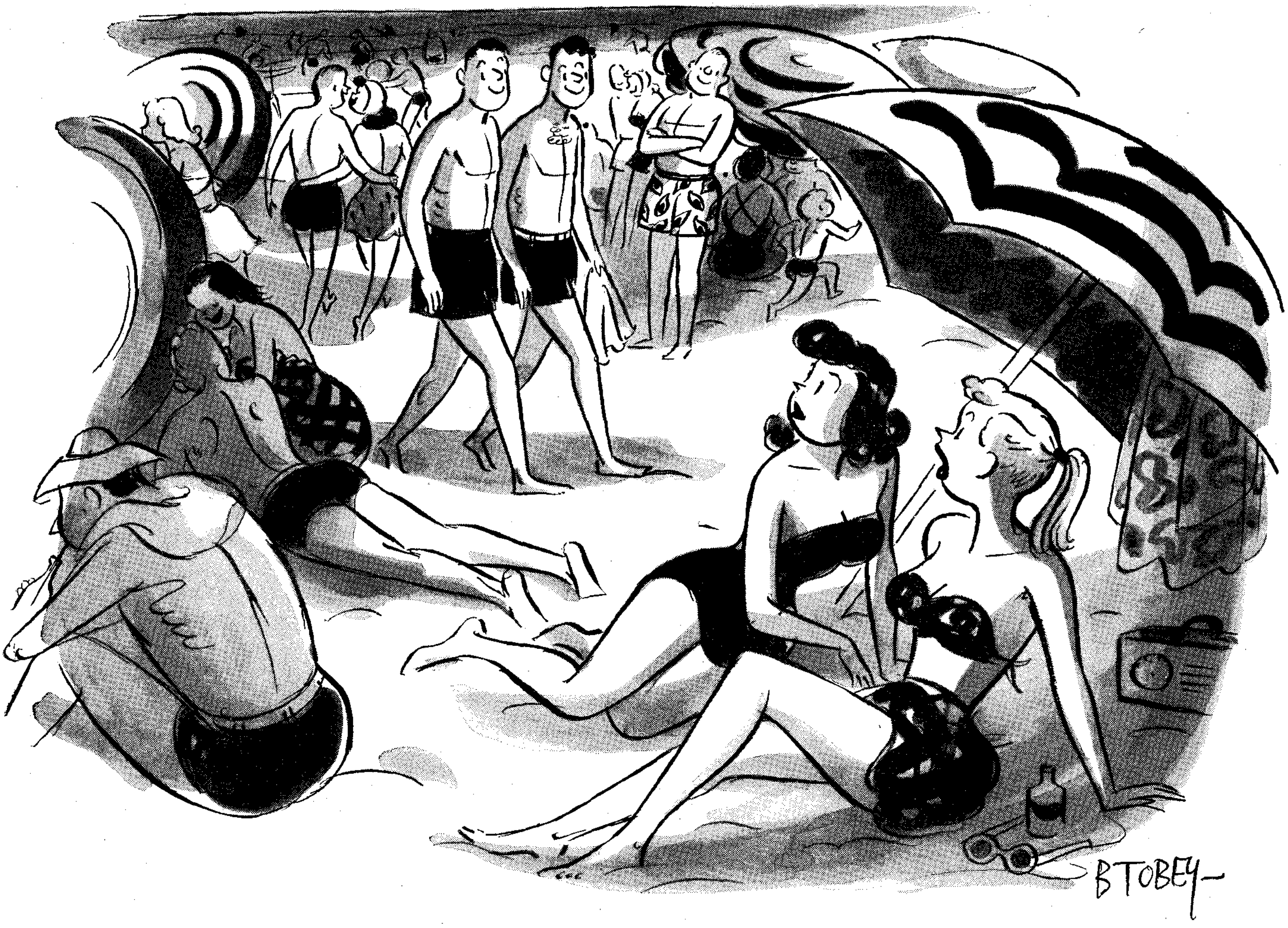
“Then what you buy him for?”

“Well,” he had said, the big bovine face secret and cunning, “it occurred to me that maybe he might possibly look a little bit like Jackie. What d’you think?”

“I suppose he does a bit, now you come to mention it.”

He had handed me the leash and I had taken the new dog inside to dry him off while Claud had gone round to the pen to fetch his beloved. And when he returned and we put the two of them together for the first time, I can remember him stepping back and saying, “Oh, Jesus!” and standing dead still in front of them like he was seeing a phantom. Then he became very quick and quiet. He got down on his knees and began comparing them carefully point by point, and it was almost like the room was getting warmer and warmer the way I could feel his excitement growing every second through this long silent examination in which even the toenails and the dewclaws, eighteen on each dog, were matched alongside one another for color.

“Look,” he had said at last, standing



"You know the trouble with the beach? You can't tell who people really are."

• •

up. "Walk them up and down the room a few times, will you?" And then he had stayed there for quite five or six minutes leaning against the stove with his eyes half closed and his head on one side, watching them and frowning and chewing his lips. After that, as though he didn't believe what he had seen the first time, he had gone down again on his knees to re-check everything once more; but suddenly, in the middle of it, he had jumped up and looked at me, his face fixed and tense, with a curious whiteness around the nostrils and the eyes. "All right," he had said, a little tremor in his voice. "You know what? We're home. We're rich."

And then the secret conferences between us in the kitchen, the detailed planning, the selection of the most suitable track, and finally every other Saturday, eight times in all, locking up my filling station (losing a whole afternoon's custom) and driving the ringer all the way up to Oxford to a scruffy little track out in the fields near Headingley where the big money was played but which was actually nothing except a line of old posts and cord to mark the course, an upturned bicycle for pulling the dummy hare, and at the far end, in the distance, six traps and the starter. We had driven this ringer up there eight times over a period of sixteen weeks and entered him with Mr. Feasey and stood around on the edge of the crowd in the freezing raining cold, waiting for his name to go up on the blackboard in chalk. The Black Panther we called him. And when his time came, Claud would always lead him down to the traps and I would stand at the finish to catch him and keep him clear of the fighters, the gypsy dogs that the gypsies so often slipped in specially to tear another one to pieces at the end of a race.

But you know, there was something rather sad about taking this dog all the way up there so many times and letting him run and watching him and hoping and praying that whatever happened he would always come last. Of course, the praying wasn't necessary and we never really had a moment's worry because the old fellow simply couldn't gallop and that's all there was to it. He ran exactly like a crab. The only time he didn't come last was when a big fawn dog by the name of Amber Flash put his foot in a hole and broke a hock and finished on three legs. But even then ours only just beat him. So this way we got him right down to bottom grade with the scrubbers, and the last time we were there all the bookies were laying him twenty or thirty to one and calling his name and begging people to back him.

Now at last, today, on this sunny day, it was Jackie's turn to go instead. Claud said we mustn't run the ringer any more or Mr. Feasey might begin to get tired of him and throw him out altogether, he was so slow. Claud said this was the exact psychological time to have it off, and that Jackie would win it anything between thirty and fifty lengths.

He had raised Jackie from a pup and the dog was only fifteen months now, but he was a good fast runner. He'd never raced yet, but we knew he was fast from clocking him round the little private schooling track at Uxbridge where Claud had taken him every Sunday since he was seven months old—

except once when he was having some inoculations. Claud said he probably wasn't fast enough to win top grade at Mr. Feasey's, but where we'd got him now, in bottom grade with the scrubbers, he could fall over and get up again and still win it twenty—well, anyway ten or fifteen lengths.

So all I had to do this morning was go to the bank in the village and draw out fifty pounds for myself and fifty for Claud, which I would lend him as an advance against wages, and then at twelve o'clock lock up the filling station and hang the notice on one of the pumps saying "GONE FOR THE DAY." Claud would shut the ringer in the pen at the back and put Jackie in the van and off we'd go. I won't say I was as excited about it as Claud, but there again, I didn't have all sorts of important things depending on it either, like buying a house and being able to get married. Nor was I almost *born* in a kennel with greyhounds like he was, walking about thinking of absolutely nothing else—except perhaps Clarice in the evenings. Personally, I had my own career as a filling-station owner to keep me busy, not to mention second-hand cars, but if Claud wanted to fool around with dogs that was all right with me, especially a thing like today—if it came off. As a matter of fact, I don't mind admitting that every time I thought about the money we were putting on and the money we might win, my stomach gave a little lurch.

The dogs had finished their breakfast now and Claud took them out for a short walk across the field opposite while I got dressed and fried the eggs. Afterward, I went to the bank and drew out the money (all in ones), and the rest of the morning seemed to go very quickly serving customers.

At twelve sharp, I locked up and hung the notice on the pump. Claud came around from the back leading Jackie and carrying a large suitcase made of reddish-brown cardboard.

"Suitcase?"

"For the money," Claud answered. "You said yourself no man can carry two thousand pound in his pockets."

Jackie looked wonderful, with two big hard muscles the size of melons bulging on his hindquarters, his coat glistening like black velvet. While Claud was putting the suitcase in the van, the dog did a little prancing jig on his toes to show how fit he was, then he looked up at me and grinned, just like he knew he was off to the races to win two thousand pounds and a heap of glory.

We got in the van and off we went. I was doing the driving. Claud was beside me and Jackie was standing up on the straw in the rear looking over our shoulders through the windshield. Claud kept turning round and trying to make him lie down so he wouldn't get thrown whenever we went round the sharp corners, but the dog was too excited to do anything except grin back at him and wave his enormous tail.

"You got the money, Gordon?" Claud was chain-smoking cigarettes and quite unable to sit still.

"Yes."

"Mine as well?"

"I got a hundred and five altogether. Five for the winder like you said, so he won't stop the hare and make it a no race."

"Good," Claud said, rubbing his hands together hard as though he were freezing cold. "Good good good."

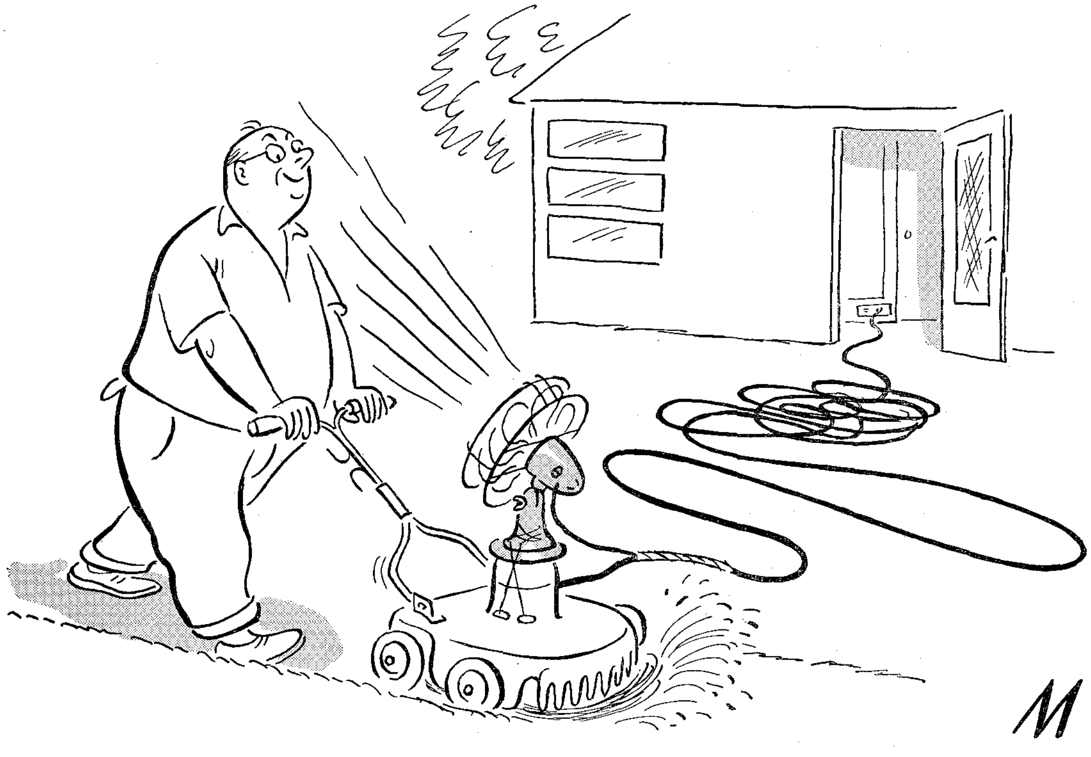
We drove through the little narrow High Street of Great Missenden and caught a glimpse of old Rummins going into the Nag's Head for his morning pint, then outside the village we turned left and climbed over the ridge of the Chilterns toward Princes Risborough, and from there it would only be twenty-odd miles to Oxford.

And now a silence and a kind of tension began to come over us both. We sat very quiet, not speaking at all, each nursing his own fears and excitements, containing his anxiety. And Claud kept smoking his cigarettes and throwing them half finished out the window. Usually, on these trips, he talked his head off all the way there and back, all the things he'd done with dogs in his life, the jobs he'd pulled, the places he'd been, the money he'd won; and all the things other people had done with dogs, the thievery, the cruelty, the unbelievable trickery and cunning of owners at the flapping tracks. But today I don't think he was trusting himself to speak very much. At this point, for that matter, nor was I. I was sitting there watching the road, and trying to keep my mind off the immediate future by thinking back on all that stuff Claud had told me about this curious greyhound-racing racket.

I swear there wasn't a man alive who knew more about it than Claud did, and ever since we'd got the ringer and decided to pull this job, he'd taken it upon himself to give me an education in the business. By now, in theory at any rate, I suppose I knew nearly as much as him.

It had started during the very first strategy conference we'd had in the kitchen. I can remember it was the day after the ringer arrived and we were sitting there watching for customers through the window, and Claud was explaining to me all about what we'd have to do, and I was trying to follow him as best I could until finally there came one question I had to ask him.

"What I don't see," I had said, "is



why you use the ringer at all. Wouldn't it be safer if we use Jackie all the time and simply stop him the first half-dozen races so he come last? Then when we're good and ready, we can let him go. Same result in the end, wouldn't it be, if we do it right? And no danger of being caught."

Well, as I say, that did it. Claud looked up at me quickly and said, "Hey! None of that! I'd just like you to know stopping's something I never do. What's come over you, Gordon?" He seemed genuinely pained and shocked by what I had said.

"I don't see anything wrong with it."

"Now listen to me, Gordon. Stopping a good dog breaks his heart. A good dog knows he's fast, and seeing all the others out there in front and not being able to catch them—it breaks his heart, I tell you. And what's more, you wouldn't be making suggestions like that if you knew some of the tricks them fellers do to stop their dogs at the flapping tracks."

"Such as what, for example?" I had asked.

"Such as anything in the world almost, so long as it makes the dog go slower. And it takes a lot of stopping, a good greyhound does. Full of guts and so mad keen you can't even let them watch a race they'll tear the leash right out of your hand rearing to go. Many's the time I've seen one with a broken leg insisting on finishing the race."

He had paused then, looking at me thoughtfully with those large pale eyes, serious as hell and obviously thinking deep. "Maybe," he had said, "if we're going to do this job properly I'd better tell you a thing or two so's you'll know what we're up against."

"Go ahead and tell me," I had said. "I'd like to know."

For a moment he stared in silence out the window, and his face began slowly to assume the expression of a man who possesses dangerous secrets. "The main thing you got to remember," he had said, "is that all these fellers going to the flapping tracks with dogs—they're artful. They're more artful than you could possibly imagine." Again he paused, marshalling his thoughts.

"Now take for example the different ways of stopping a dog. The first, the commonest, is strapping."

"Strapping?"

"Yes. Strapping 'em up. That's commonest. Pulling the muzzle strap tight around their necks so they can't hardly breathe, see. A clever man knows just which hole on the strap to use and just how many lengths it'll take off his dog in a race. Usually a couple of notches is good for five or six lengths. Do it up real tight and he'll come last. I've known plenty of dogs collapse and die from being strapped up tight on a hot day. Strangulated, absolutely strangulated, and a very nasty thing it was, too. Then again, some of 'em just tie two of the toes together with black cotton. Dog never runs well like that. Unbalances him."

"That doesn't sound too bad."

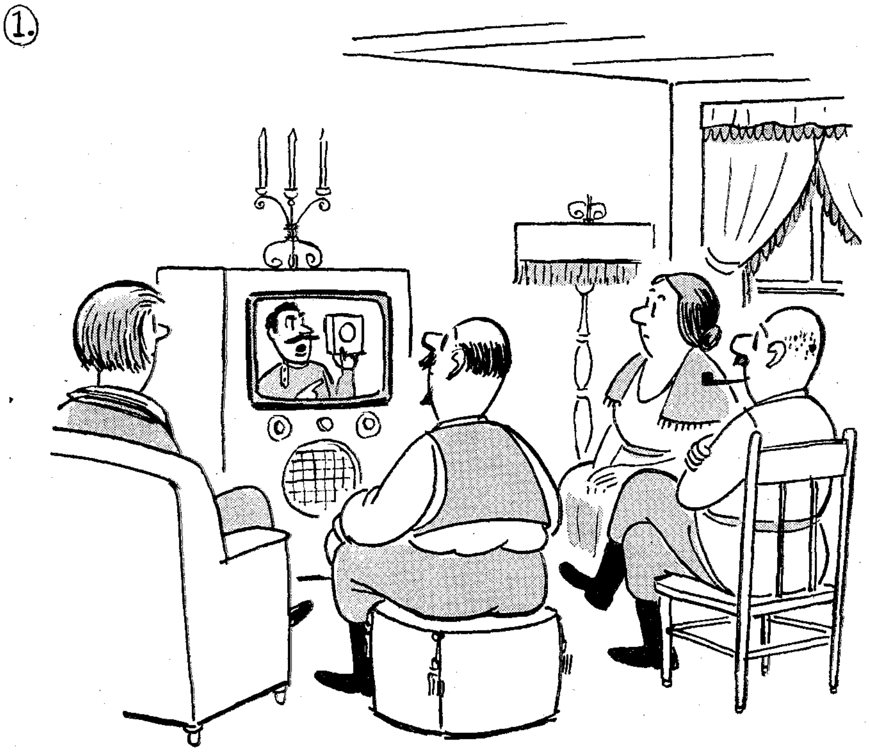
"Then there's others that put a piece of fresh-chewed gum up under their tails, right up close where the tail joins the body. And there's nothing funny about that," he had said, indignant. "The tail of a running dog goes up and down ever so slightly and the gum on the tail keeps sticking to the hairs on the backside, just where it's tenderest. No dog likes that, you know. Then there's sleeping pills. That's used a lot nowadays. They do it by weight, exactly like a doctor, and they measure the powder according to whether they want to slow him up five or ten or fifteen lengths. Those are just a few of the ordinary ways," he had said. "Actually, they're nothing. Absolutely nothing compared with some of the other things that's done to hold a dog back in a race, especially by the gypsies. There's things the gypsies do that are almost too disgusting to mention, such as when they're just putting the dog in the trap, things you wouldn't hardly do to your worst enemies."

And when he had told me about those—which were, indeed, terrible things because they had to do with physical injury, quickly, painfully inflicted—he had gone on to tell me what they did when they wanted the dog to win.

"There's just as terrible things done to make 'em go fast as to make 'em go slow," he had said softly, his face veiled and secret. "And perhaps commonest of all is wintergreen. Whenever you see a dog going around with no hair on his back or little bald patches all over him—that's wintergreen. Just before the race, they rub it hard into the skin. Sometimes it's Sloan's liniment, but mostly it's wintergreen. Stings terrible. Stings so bad that all the old dog wants to do is run run run as fast as he possibly can to get away from the pain.

"Then there's special drugs they give with the needle. Mind you, that's the modern method and most of the spivs at the track are too ignorant to use it. It's the fellers coming down from London in the big cars with stadium dogs they've borrowed for the day by bribing the trainer—they're the ones use the needle."

I could remember him sitting there at the kitchen table with a cigarette dangling from his mouth and dropping his eyelids to keep out the smoke and looking at me through his wrinkled,



"And so, Comrades, rush right down to your local commissary and buy a box without delay."

nearly closed eyes, and saying, "What you've got to remember, Gordon, is this. There's nothing they won't do to make a dog win if they want him to. On the other hand, no dog can run faster than he's built, no matter what they do to him. So if we can get Jackie down into bottom grade, then we're home. No dog in bottom grade can get near him, not even with wintergreen and needles."

And so it had gone on. During each of the eight long trips we had subsequently made to the track with the ringer, I had heard more and more about this charming sport—more, especially, about the methods of stopping them and making them go (even the names of the drugs and the quantities to use). I heard about the "rat treatment" (for non-chasers, to make them chase the dummy hare), where a rat is placed in a can which is then tied around the dog's neck. There's a small hole in the lid of the can just large enough for the rat to poke its head out and nip the dog. But the dog can't get at the rat, and so naturally he goes half crazy running around and being bitten in the neck, and the more he shakes the can the more the rat bites him. Finally, someone releases the rat, and the dog, who up to then was a nice docile tail-wagging animal who wouldn't hurt a mouse, pounces on it in a rage and tears it to pieces. Do this a few times, Claud had said—"mind you, I don't hold with it myself"—and the dog becomes a real killer who will chase anything, even the dummy hare.

WE were over the Chilterns now and running down out of the beechwoods into the flat elm and oak-tree country south of Oxford. Claud sat quietly beside me, nursing his nervousness and smoking cigarettes, and every two or three minutes he would turn round to see if Jackie was all right. The dog was at last lying down, and each time Claud turned round, he whispered something to him softly, and the dog acknowledged his words with a faint movement of the tail that made the straw rustle.

Soon we would be coming into Thame, the broad High Street where they penned the pigs and cows and sheep on market day, and where the fair came once a year with the swings and roundabouts and bumping cars and gypsy caravans right there in the street in the middle of the town. Claud was born in Thame, and we'd never driven through it yet without him mentioning this fact.

"Well," he said as the first houses came into sight, "here's Thame. I was born and bred in Thame, you know, Gordon."

"You told me."

"Lots of funny things we used to do around here when we was nippers," he said, slightly nostalgic.

"I'm sure."

He paused, and I think more to relieve the tension building up inside him than anything else, he began talking about the years of his youth.

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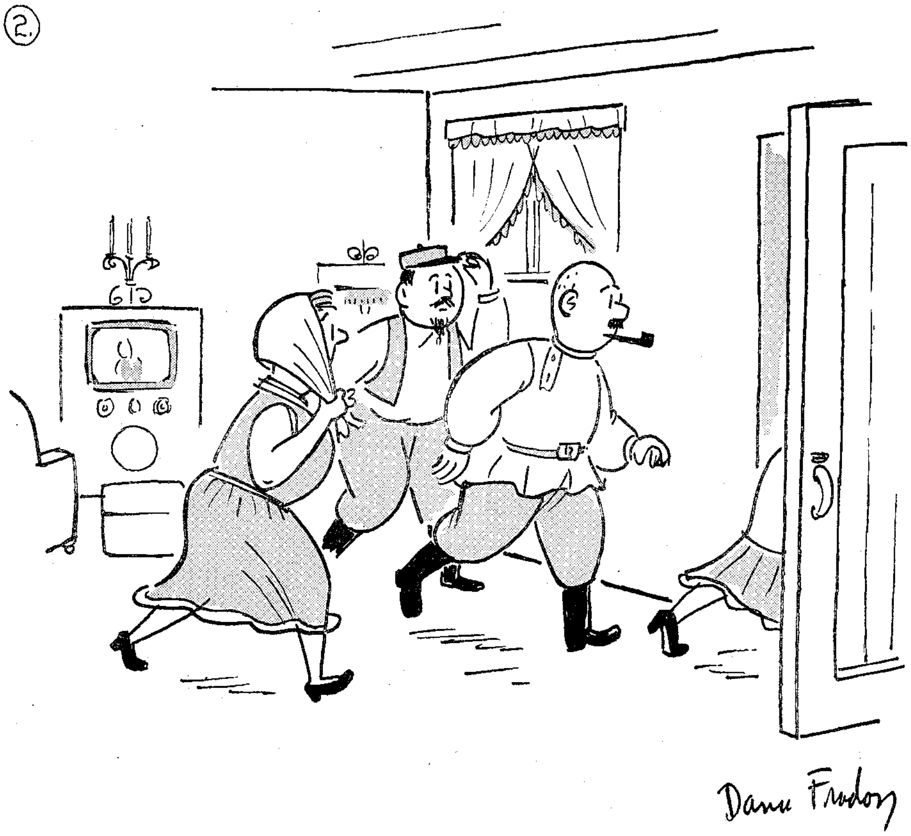


"There was a boy next door," he said. "Gilbert Gomm his name was. Little sharp ferrety face and one leg a bit shorter'n the other. Shocking things him and me used to do together. You know one thing we done, Gordon?"

"What?"

"We'd go into the kitchen Saturday nights when Mum and Dad were at the pub, and we'd disconnect the pipe from the gas ring and bubble the gas into a milk bottle full of water. Then we'd sit down and drink it out of teacups."

"Was that so good?"

"Good! It was disgusting! But we'd put lashings of sugar in and then it didn't taste so bad."

"Why did you drink it?"

Claud turned and looked at me, incredulous. "You mean you never drunk Snake's Water!"

"Can't say I have."

"I thought everyone done that when they was kids! It intoxicates you, just like wine only worse, depending on how long you let the gas bubble through. We used to get reeling drunk together there in the kitchen Saturday nights and it was marvellous. Until one night Dad comes home early and catches us. I'll never forget that night as long as I live. There was me holding the milk bottle, and the gas bubbling through it lovely, and Gilbert kneeling on the floor ready to turn off the tap the moment I give the word, and in walks Dad."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, Christ, Gordon, that was terrible. He didn't say one word, but he stands there by the door and he starts feeling for his belt, undoing the buckle very slow and pulling the belt slow out of his trousers, looking at me all the time. Great big feller he was, with great big hands like coal hammers and a black mustache and them little purple veins running all over his cheeks. Then he comes over quick and grabs me by the coat and lets me have it, hard as he can, using the end with the buckle on it and honest to God, Gordon, I thought he was going to kill me. But in the end he stops and then he puts on the belt again, slow and careful, buckling it up and tucking in the flap and belching with the beer he's drunk. And then he walks out again back to the pub, still without saying a word. Worst hiding I ever had in my life."

"How old were you then?"

"Round about eight, I should think," Claud said.

As we drew closer to Oxford, he became silent again. He kept twisting his neck to see if Jackie was all right, to touch him, to stroke his head, and once he turned around and knelt on the seat to gather more straw around the dog, murmuring something about a draft. We drove around the fringe of Oxford and into a network of narrow country roads, and after a while we turned in to a small bumpy lane and along this we began to overtake a thin stream of men and women all walking and cycling in the same direction. Some of the men were leading greyhounds. There was a large saloon car in front of us and through the rear window we could see a dog sitting on the back seat between two men.

"They come from all over," Claud said. "That one there's probably come up special from London. Probably slipped him out from one of the big stadium kennels just for the afternoon. That could be a Derby dog probably, for all we know."

"Hope he's not running against Jackie."

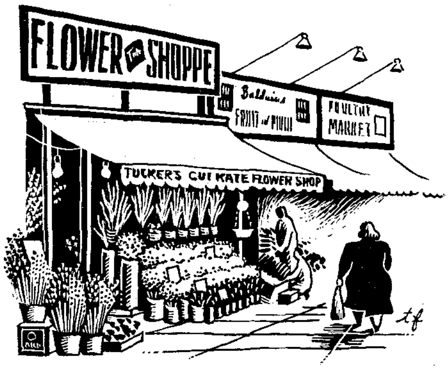
"Don't worry," Claud said. "All new dogs automatically go in top grade. That's one rule Mr. Feasey's very particular about."

There was an open gate leading into a field, and Mr. Feasey's wife came forward to take our admission money before we drove in.

"He'd have her winding the bloody pedals, too, if she had the strength," Claud said. "Old Feasey don't employ more people than he has to."

I drove across the field and parked at the end of a line of cars along the top hedge. We both got out and Claud went quickly round the back to fetch Jackie. I stood beside the van, waiting. It was a very large field with a steepish slope on it, and we were at the top of the slope, looking down. In the distance, I could see the six starting traps and the wooden posts marking the track which ran along the bottom of the field and turned sharp at right angles and came on up the hill toward the crowd, to the finish. Thirty yards beyond the finishing line stood the upturned bicycle for driving the hare. Because it is portable, this is the standard machine for hare driving used at all flapping tracks. It comprises a flimsy wooden platform about eight feet high, supported on four poles knocked into the ground. On top of the platform, there is fixed, upside down with wheels in the air, an ordinary old bicycle. The rear wheel is to the front, facing down the track, and from it the tire has been removed, leaving a concave metal rim. One end of the cord that pulls the hare is attached to this rim, and the winder (or hare driver), by straddling the bicycle at the back and turning the pedals with his hands, revolves the wheel and winds in the cord around the rim. This pulls the dummy hare toward him at any speed he likes up to forty miles an hour. After each race, someone takes the dummy hare (with cord attached) all the way down to the starting traps again, thus unwinding the cord on the wheel, ready for a fresh start. From his high platform, the winder can watch the whole race and regulate the speed of the hare to keep it just ahead of the leading dog. He can also stop the hare any time he wants and make it a "no race" (if the wrong dog looks like winning) by suddenly turning the pedals backward and getting the cord tangled up in the hub of the wheel. The other way of doing it is to slow down the hare suddenly, for perhaps one second, and that makes the lead dog automatically check a little so that the others catch up with him. He is an important man, the winder.

I could see Mr. Feasey's winder already standing atop his platform, a powerful-looking man in a blue sweater, leaning on the bicycle and looking down at the crowd through the smoke of his cigarette.



There is a curious law in England which permits race meetings of this kind to be held only seven times a year over one piece of ground. That is why all Mr. Feasey's equipment was movable; after the seventh meeting he would simply transfer to the next field. The law didn't bother him at all.

THERE was already a good crowd, and the bookmakers were erecting their stands in a line over to the right. Claud had Jackie out of the van now and was leading him over to a group of people clustered around a small stocky man dressed in riding breeches—Mr. Feasey himself. Each person in the group had a dog on a leash and Mr. Feasey kept writing names in a notebook that he held in his left hand. I sauntered over to watch.

"Which you got there?" Mr. Feasey said, pencil poised above the notebook.

"Midnight," a man said who was holding a black dog.

Mr. Feasey stepped back a pace and looked most carefully at the dog.

"Midnight. Right. I got him down."

"Jane," the next man said.

"Let me look. Jane . . . Jane . . . yes, all right."

"Soldier." This dog was led by a tall man with long teeth who wore a dark-blue, double-breasted lounge suit.

Mr. Feasey bent down to examine the

THE BELL BUOY

Dark red in the sparkle of noon sun on water,
Standing in motion, tossed with cross rip and chop,
It tolls a sinister comfort as our vessel,
Noting without acknowledgment, slides by
Its stammering and melancholy clang.
Though set in the quietest harbor on the coast,
It is our ceaseless, irregular passing bell
For all who, in surf a mile from life, perish
From Hatteras to the Great Barrier Reef;
Or who try for a moment to breathe water
As, slipping from the swallowed ship, they drown;
Or whose wrecked plane survives the swell an hour,
Not long enough to mend the radio.
It rides its empty tanks of rolling air
On skeletal steel stilts, its heart a bell
Beaten not beating, topped with a winking fibre,
The unseen anchor meshed in rock or bar.
Passing, we listen and try to learn its rhythm:
A casual stroke, a pause, a stunning clatter—
The pauses vary; we cannot predict them.
The ear yearns backward as the sound recedes,
But the ocean writes no music about man.

—SPENCER BROWN

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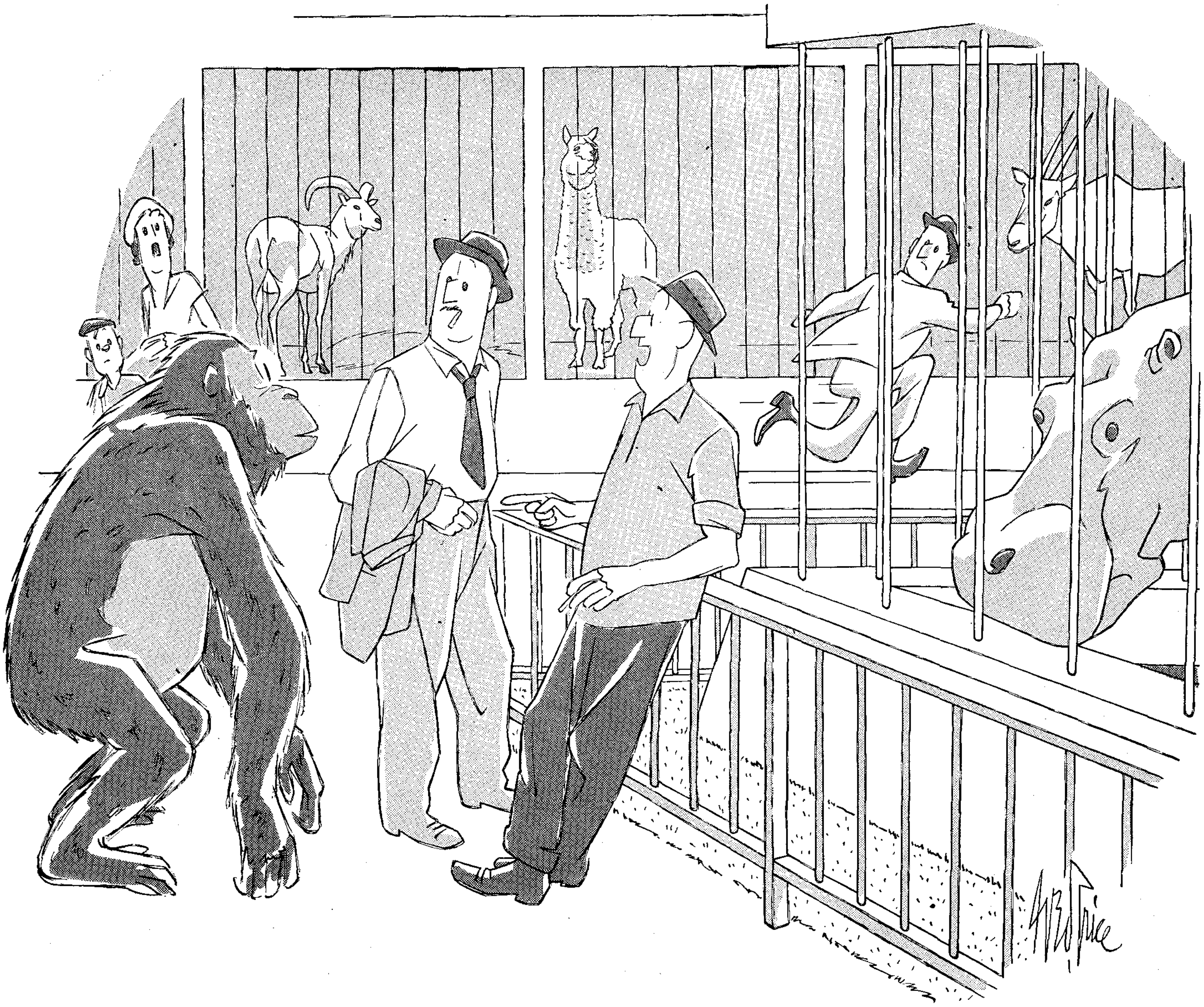

"Shouldn't there be bars or a moat or something between us and him?"

• •

dog. The other man looked up at the sky.

"Take him away," Mr. Feasey said.

The man looked down quick.

"Go on, take him away."

"Listen, Mr. Feasey," the man said, "now don't talk so bloody silly, *please*."

"Go on and beat it, Larry, and stop wasting my time. You know as well as I do the Soldier's got two white toes on his off fore."

"Now look, Mr. Feasey," the man said. "You ain't even seen Soldier for six months at least."

"Come on now, Larry, and beat it. I haven't got time arguing with you." Mr. Feasey didn't appear in the least angry. "Next," he said.

I saw Claud step forward leading Jackie. The large bovine face was fixed and wooden, the eyes staring at something about a yard above Mr. Feasey's head, and he was holding the leash so tight his knuckles were like a row of little white onions.

Mr. Feasey suddenly started laughing. "Hey!" he cried. "Here's the Black Panther. Here's the champion."

"That's right, Mr. Feasey," Claud said.

"Well, I'll tell you," Mr. Feasey said, "you can take him right back home where he come from. I don't want him."

"But look here, Mr. Feasey—"

"Six or eight times at least I've run him for you now and that's enough. Look—why don't you shoot him and have done with it?"

"Now listen, Mr. Feasey, please. Just once more and I'll never ask you again."

"Not even once! I got more dogs than I can handle here today. There's no room for crabs like that."

I thought Claud was going to cry.

"Now honest, Mr. Feasey," he said. "I been up at six every morning this past two weeks giving him roadwork and massage and buying him beefsteaks, and believe me he's a different dog absolutely than what he was last time he run."

"Just the same, you can take him away. There's no sense running dogs as slow as him. Take him home now, will you please, and don't hold up the whole meeting."

I was watching Claud. Claud was watching Mr. Feasey. Mr. Feasey was looking round for the next dog to enter up. Under his brown tweedy jacket he wore a yellow pullover, and this streak of yellow on his breast and his thin gaitered legs and the way he jerked his head from side to side made him seem like some sort of a little perky bird—a goldfinch, perhaps.

Claud took a step forward. His face was beginning to purple slightly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr.

Feasey. I'm so absolutely sure this dog's improved I'll bet you a quid he don't finish last. There you are."

Mr. Feasey turned slowly round and looked at Claud. "You crackers?" he asked.

"I'll bet you a quid, there you are, just to prove what I'm saying."

It was a dangerous move, certain to cause suspicion, but Claud knew it was the only thing left to do. There was silence while Mr. Feasey bent down and examined the dog. I could see the way his eyes were moving slowly over the animal's whole body, part by part. There was something to admire in the man's thoroughness, and in his memory; something to fear also in this self-confident little rogue who held in his head the shape and color and markings of perhaps several hundred different but very similar dogs. He never needed more than one little clue—a small scar, a splay toe, a trifle in at the hocks, a less pronounced wheelback, a slightly darker brindle; Mr. Feasey always remembered.

So I watched him now as he bent down over Jackie. His face was pink and fleshy, the mouth small and tight as though it couldn't stretch enough to make a smile, and the eyes were like two little cameras focussed sharply on the dog.

"Well," he said, straightening up. "It's the same dog anyway."

"I should hope so, too!" Claud cried. "Just what sort of a feller you think I am, Mr. Feasey?"

"I think you're crackers, that's what I think. But it's a nice easy way to make a quid. I suppose you forgot how Amber Flash nearly beat him on three legs last meeting?"

"This one wasn't fit then," Claud said. "He hadn't had beefsteak and massage and roadwork like I've been giving him lately. But look, Mr. Feasey, you're not to go sticking him in top grade just to win the bet. This is a bottom-grade dog, Mr. Feasey. You know that."

Mr. Feasey laughed. The small button mouth opened into a tiny circle and he laughed and looked at the crowd who laughed with him. "Listen," he said, laying a hairy hand on Claud's shoulder, "I know my dogs. I don't have to do any fiddling around to win *this* quid. He goes in bottom."

"Right," Claud said. "That's a bet." He walked away with Jackie and I joined him.

"Jesus, Gordon, that was a near one!"

"Shook me."

"But we're in now," Claud said. He had that breathless look on his face again and he was walking about quick and funny, like the ground was burning his feet.

PEOPLE were still coming through the gate into the field and there were easily three hundred of them now. Not a very nice crowd. Sharp-nosed men and women with dirty faces and bad teeth and quick, shifty eyes. The dregs of the big town. Oozing out like sewage from a cracked pipe and trickling along the road through the gate and making a smelly little pond of sewage at the top end of the field. They were all there—some with dogs, some without. Dogs led about on pieces of string, miserable dogs with hanging heads, thin mangy dogs with sores on their quarters (from sleeping on board), sad old dogs with gray muzzles, doped dogs, dogs stuffed with porridge to stop them winning, dogs walking stiff-legged—one especially, a white one. "Claud, why is that white one walking so stiff-legged?"

"Which one?"

"That one over there."

"Ah yes, I see. Very probably because he's been hung."

"Hung?"

"Yes, hung. Suspended in a harness for twenty-four hours with his legs dangling."

"Good God, but why?"

"To make him run slow, of course. Some people don't hold with dope or stuffing or strapping up. So they hang 'em."

"I see."

"Either that," Claud said, "or they sandpaper them. Rub their pads with rough sandpaper and take the skin off so it hurts when they run."

"Yes, I see."

And then the fitter, brighter-looking dogs, the better-fed ones who get horsemeat every day, not pig swill or rusk and cabbage water, their coats shinier, their tails moving, pulling at their leads, undoped, unstuffed, awaiting perhaps a more unpleasant fate, the muzzle strap to be tightened an extra four notches. *But make sure he can breathe now, Jock. Don't choke him completely. Don't let's have him collapse in the middle of the race. Just so he wheezes a bit, see. Go on tightening it up an extra notch at a time until you can hear him wheezing. You'll see his mouth open and he'll start breathing*

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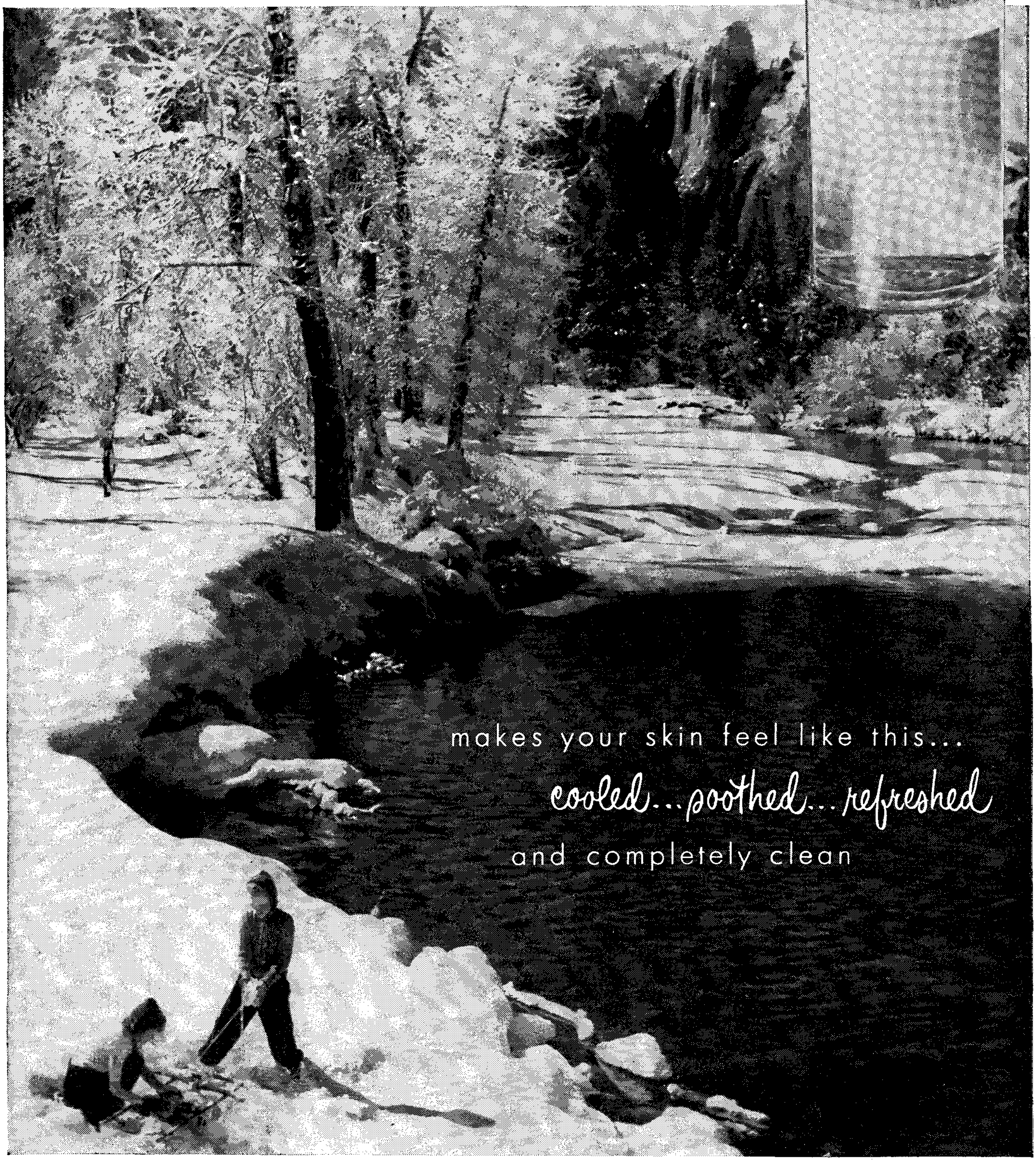
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heavy. Then it's just right. But not if his eyeballs is bulging. Watch out for that, will you? O.K.?

O.K.

"Let's get away from the crowd, Gordon. It don't do Jackie no good getting excited by all these other dogs."

We walked up the slope to where the cars were parked, then back and forth in front of the line of cars, keeping the dog on the move. Inside some of the cars I could see men sitting with their dogs, and the men scowled at us through the windows as we went by.

"Watch out now, Gordon. We don't want any trouble."

"No, all right."

These were the best dogs of all, the secret ones kept in the cars and taken out quick just to be entered up (under some invented name) and put back again quick and held there till the last minute, then straight down to the traps and back again into the cars after the race so no nosy bastard gets too close a look. The trainer at the big stadium said so. *All right, he said. You can have him, but for Christsake don't let anybody recognize him. There's thousands of people know this dog, so you've got to be careful, see. And it'll cost you fifty pound.*

Very fast dogs these, but it doesn't much matter how fast they are, they probably get the needle anyway, just to make sure. One and a half cc.'s of ether, subcutaneous, done in the car, injected very slow. That'll put ten lengths on any dog. Or sometimes it's caffeine, caffeine in oil, or camphor. That makes them go, too. The men in the big cars know all about that. And some of them know about whiskey. But that's intravenous. Not so easy when it's intravenous. Might miss the vein. All you got to do is miss the vein and it don't work and where are you then? So it's ether, or it's caffeine, or it's camphor. *Don't give her too much of that stuff now, Jock. What does she weigh? Fifty-eight pounds. All right then, you know what the man told us. Wait a minute now. I got it written down on a piece of paper. Here it is. Point one of a cc. per ten pounds body weight equals five lengths over three hundred yards. Wait a minute now while I work it out. Oh, Christ, you better guess it. Just guess it, Jock. It'll be all right, you'll find. Shouldn't be any trouble anyway, because I picked the others in the race myself. Cost me a tenner to old Feasey. A bloody tenner I give him, and dear Mr. Feasey, I says, that's for your birthday and because I love you. Thank you ever so much, Mr. Feasey says. Thank you, my good and trusted friend.*

And for stopping them, for the men in the big cars it's chlorbutal. That's a beauty, chlorbutal, because you can give it the night before, especially to someone else's dog. Or Pethidine. Pethidine and Hyoscine mixed, whatever that may be.

"Lot of fine old English sporting gentry here," Claud said.

"Certainly are."

"Watch your pockets, Gordon. You got that money hidden away?"

We walked around the back of the line of cars—between the cars and the hedge—and then I saw Jackie stiffen and begin to pull forward on the leash, advancing with a stiff crouching tread. About thirty yards away, there were two men. One was holding a large fawn greyhound, the dog stiff and tense like Jackie. The other was holding a sack in his hands.

"Watch," Claud whispered, "they're giving him a kill."

Out of the sack onto the grass tumbled a small white rabbit—fluffy white, young, tame. It righted itself and sat still, crouching in the hunched-up way rabbits crouch, its nose close to the ground. A frightened rabbit. Out of the sack so suddenly onto the grass with such a bump. Into the bright light. The dog was going mad with excitement now, jumping up against the leash, pawing the ground, throwing himself forward, whining. The rabbit saw the dog. It drew in its head and stayed still, paralyzed with fear. The man transferred his hold to the dog's collar, and the dog twisted and jumped and tried to get free. The other man pushed the rabbit with his foot, but it was too terrified to move. He pushed it again, flicking it forward with his toe like a football, and the rabbit rolled over several times, righted itself and began to hop over the grass away from the dog. The other man released the dog which pounced with one huge pounce upon the rabbit, and then came the squeals, not very loud but shrill and anguished and lasting rather a long time.

"There you are," Claud said. "That's a kill."

"Not sure I liked it very much."

"I told you before, Gordon. Most of 'em does it. Keens the dog up before a race."

"I still don't like it."

"Nor me. But they all do it. Even in the big stadiums, the trainers do it. Proper barbary I call it."

We strolled away, and below us on the slope of the hill the crowd was thickening and the bookies' stands with the

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names written on them in red and gold and blue were all erected now in a long line back of the crowd, each bookie already stationed on an upturned box beside his stand, a pack of numbered cards in one hand, a piece of chalk in the other, his clerk behind him with book and pencil. Then we saw Mr. Feasey walking over to a blackboard that was nailed to a post stuck in the ground.

"He's chalking up the first race," Claud said. "Come on, quick!"

WE walked rapidly down the hill and joined the crowd. Mr. Feasey was writing the runners on the blackboard, copying names from his soft-covered notebook, and a little hush of suspense fell upon the crowd as they watched.

1. SALLY
2. THREE QUID
3. SNAILBOX LADY
4. BLACK PANTHER
5. WHISKEY
6. ROCKIT

"He's in it!" Claud whispered. "First race! Trap four! Now listen, Gordon! Give me a fiver quick to show the winder."

Claud could hardly speak from excitement. That patch of whiteness had returned around his nose and eyes, and when I handed him a five-pound note, his whole arm was shaking as he took it. The man who was going to wind the bicycle pedals was still standing on top of the wooden platform in his blue jersey, smoking. Claud went over and stood below him, looking up.

"See this fiver," he said, talking softly, holding it folded small in the palm of his hand.

The man glanced at it without moving his head.

"Just so long as you wind her true this race, see. No stopping and no slowing down, and run her fast. Right?"

The man didn't move but there was a slight, almost imperceptible lifting of the eyebrows. Claud turned away.

"Now look, Gordon. Get the money on gradual, all in little bits like I told you. Just keep going down the line putting on little bits so you don't kill the price, see. And I'll be walking Jackie down very slow, as slow as I dare, to give you plenty of time. Right?"

"Right."

"And don't forget to be standing ready to catch him at the end of the race. Get him clear away from all them others when they start fighting for the hare. Grab a hold of him tight and don't let go till I come running up with the collar and lead. That Whiskey's a

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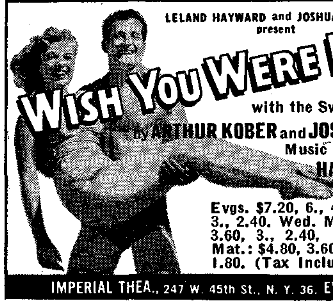

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gypsy dog and he'll tear the leg off anything as gets in his way."

"Right," I said. "Here we go."

I saw Claud lead Jackie over to the finishing post and collect a yellow jacket with "4" written on it large. Also a muzzle. The other five runners were there, too, the owners fussing around them, putting on their numbered jackets, adjusting their muzzles. Mr. Feasey was officiating, hopping about in his tight riding breeches like an anxious perky bird, and once I saw him say something to Claud and laugh. Claud ignored him. Soon they would all start to lead the dogs down the track, the long walk down the hill and across to the far corner of the field to the starting traps. It would take them ten minutes to walk it. I've got at least ten minutes, I told myself, and then I began to push my way through the crowd standing six or seven deep in front of the line of bookies.

"Even money Whiskey! Even money Whiskey! Five to two Sally! Even money Whiskey! Four to one Snailbox! Come on now! Hurry up, hurry up! Which is it?"

On every board all down the line, the Black Panther was chalked up at twenty-five to one. I edged forward to the nearest book.

"Three pounds Black Panther," I said, holding out the money.

The man on the box had an inflamed magenta face and traces of some white substance around the corners of his mouth. He snatched the money and dropped it in his satchel. "Seventy-five pound to three Black Panther," he said. "Number forty-two." He handed me a ticket and his clerk recorded the bet.

I stepped back and wrote rapidly on the back of the ticket "75 to 3," then slipped it into the inside pocket of my jacket, with the money.

So long as I continued to spread the money out thin like this, it ought to be all right. And anyway, on Claud's instructions, I'd made a point of betting a few pounds on the ringer every time he'd run so as not to arouse any suspicion when the real day arrived. Therefore, with some confidence, I went all the way down the line staking three pounds with each book. I didn't hurry, but I didn't waste any time either, and after each bet I wrote the amount on the back of the ticket before slipping it into my pocket. There were seventeen bookies. I had seventeen tickets and had laid out fifty-one pounds without disturbing the price one point. Forty-nine pounds left to get on. I glanced quickly down the hill. One owner and his dog had already reached the traps. The others were only twenty or thirty yards away. Except for Claud. Claud and Jackie were only halfway there. I could see Claud in his old khaki greatcoat sauntering slowly along with Jackie pulling ahead keenly on the leash, and once I saw him stop completely and bend down, pretending to pick something up. When he went on again, he seemed to have developed a limp so as to go slower still. I hurried back to the other end of the line to start again.

"Three pounds Black Panther."

The bookmaker, the one with the magenta face and the white substance around the mouth, glanced up sharply, remembering the last time, and in one swift almost graceful movement of the arm he licked his fingers and wiped the figure twenty-five neatly off the board. His wet fingers left a small dark patch opposite Black Panther's name.

"All right, you got one more seventy-five to three," he said. "But that's the lot." Then he raised his voice and shouted, "Fifteen to one Black Panther! Fifteens the Panther!"

All down the line the twenty-fives were wiped out and it was fifteen to one the Panther now. I took it quick, but by the time I was through, the bookies had had enough and they weren't quoting him any more. They'd only taken six pounds each, but they stood to lose a hundred and fifty, and for them—small-time bookies at a little country flapping track—that was quite enough for one race, thank you very much. I felt pleased the way I'd managed it. Lots of tickets now. We stood to win something over two thousand pounds. Claud had said he'd win it thirty lengths. Where was Claud now?

Far away down the hill, I could see the khaki greatcoat standing by the traps and the big black dog alongside. All the other dogs were already in and the owners were beginning to walk away. Claud was bending down now, coaxing Jackie into No. 4, and then he was closing the door and turning away and beginning to run up the hill toward the crowd, the greatcoat flapping around him. He kept looking back over his shoulder as he ran.

Beside the traps, the starter stood, and his hand was up waving a handkerchief. At the other end of the track, beyond the winning post, quite close to where I stood, the man in the blue jersey was straddling the upturned bicycle on top of the wooden platform, and he saw the signal and waved back and began to turn the pedals with his hands. Then a tiny white dot in the distance—the artificial hare that was in reality a football with a piece of white

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rabbitskin tacked onto it—began to move away from the traps, accelerating fast. The traps went up and the dogs flew out. They flew out in a single dark lump, all together, as though it were one wide dog instead of six, and almost at once I saw Jackie drawing away from the field. I knew it was Jackie because of the color. There weren't any other black dogs in the race. It was Jackie all right. Don't move, I told myself. Don't move a muscle or an eyelid or a toe or a fingertip. Stand quite still and don't move. Watch him going. Come on Jackson, boy! No, don't shout. It's unlucky to shout. And don't move. Be all over in twenty seconds. Round the sharp bend now and coming up the hill and he must be fifteen or twenty lengths clear. Easy twenty lengths. Don't count the lengths, it's unlucky. And don't move. Don't move your head. Watch him out of your eye corners. Watch that Jackson go! He's really laying down to it now up that hill. He's won it now! He can't lose it now . . .

When I got over to him, he was fighting the rabbitskin and trying to pick it up in his mouth, but his muzzle wouldn't allow it, and the other dogs were pounding up behind him and suddenly they were all on top of him grabbing for the rabbit, and I got hold of him round the neck and dragged him clear like Claud had said and knelt down on the grass and held him tight with both arms round his body. The other catchers were having a time all trying to grab their own dogs.

Then Claud was beside me, blowing heavily, unable to speak from blowing and excitement, removing Jackie's muzzle, putting on the collar and lead, and Mr. Feasey was there, too, standing with hands on hips, the button mouth pursed up tight like a mushroom, the two little cameras staring at Jackie all over again.

"So that's the game, is it?" he said.

Claud was bending over the dog and acting like he hadn't heard.

"I don't want you here no more after this, you understand that?"

Claud went on fiddling with Jackie's collar.

I heard someone behind us saying, "That flat-faced bastard with the frown swung it properly on old Feasey this time." Someone else laughed. Mr. Feasey walked away. Claud straightened up and went over with Jackie to the hare driver in the blue jersey who had dismounted from his platform.

"Cigarette," Claud said, offering the pack.

The man took one, also the five-

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Ever see a statue smile?

Dave Garroway, on the radio the other morning, said he had recently made a survey and discovered to his dismay that faces of statues were serious, even downright grim. Not once did he see a statue smile. This means Washington, Lincoln, Kosciusko, Columbus, William Cullen Bryant and many others must never have read Nation's Business. It's true, we're a magazine for the serious businessman, but we can make the old boy unbend when he reads our book. And once he smiles, he's licked. If he's reading somebody else's issue, he's ready to buy a subscription. If he's reading his own, he's pre-ripened for a renewal when the time comes 'round. How do the editors of Nation's Business manage to win and hold so many serious people? How do we get them to part with $18 for a 3-year subscription? We do it by hiring the finest magazine writers in America—the same men who write for The Post, Reader's Digest, The New Yorker, Harper's, Atlantic—and by putting them to work on subjects and situations of high interest to most businessmen. The editors know their readers, their subjects and their authors. The authors are top-notch reporters. They know how to write. The net result—business information presented factfully, gracefully, good humoredly and interestingly. So businessmen read Nation's Business and enjoy reading it. How many? 800,880 businessmen, all reading . . . Nation's Business, *a general magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

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pound note that was folded up small in Claud's fingers.

"Thanks," Claud said. "Thanks very much."

"Don't mention," the man said.

Then Claud turned to me. "You get it all on, Gordon?" He was jumping up and down and rubbing his hands and patting Jackie, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

"Yes. Half at twenty-fives, half at fifteens."

"Oh, Christ, Gordon, that's marvellous. Wait here till I get the suitcase."

"You take Jackie," I said, "and go and sit in the car. I'll see you later."

THERE was nobody around the bookies now. I was the only one with anything to collect, and I walked slowly, with a sort of dancing stride and a wonderful bursting feeling in my chest, toward the first one in the line, the man with the magenta face and the white substance on his mouth. I stood in front of him and I took all the time I wanted going through my pack of tickets to find the two that were his. The name was Syd Pratchett. It was written up large across his board in gold letters on a scarlet field—"SYD PRATCHETT. THE BEST ODDS IN THE MIDLANDS. PROMPT SETTLEMENT."

I handed him the first ticket, and said, "Seventy-eight pounds to come." It sounded so good I said it again, making a delicious little chant of it. "Seventy-eight pounds to come on this one." I didn't mean to gloat over Mr. Pratchett. As a matter of fact, I was beginning to like him quite a lot. I even felt sorry for him having to fork out so much money. I hoped his wife and kids wouldn't suffer.

"Number forty-two," Mr. Pratchett said, turning to his clerk who held the big book. "Forty-two wants seventy-eight pound."

There was a pause while the clerk ran his finger down the column of recorded bets. He did this twice, then he looked up at the boss and began to shake his head.

"No," he said. "Don't pay. That ticket backed Snailbox Lady."

Mr. Pratchett, standing on his box, leaned over and peered down at the book. He seemed to be disturbed by what the clerk had said, and there was a look of genuine concern on the huge magenta face.

That clerk is a fool, I thought, and any moment now Mr. Pratchett's going to tell him so.

But when Mr. Pratchett turned back to me, the eyes had become narrow and hostile. "Now look, Charley," he said softly. "Don't let's have any of that. You know very well you bet Snailbox. What's the idea?"

"I bet Black Panther," I said. "Two separate bets of three pounds each at twenty-five to one. Here's the second ticket."

This time he didn't even bother to check it with the book. "You bet Snailbox, Charley," he said. "I remember you coming round." With that, he turned away from me and started wiping the names of the last-race runners off his board with a wet rag. Behind him, the clerk had closed the book and was lighting himself a cigarette. I stood watching them, and I could feel the sweat beginning to break through the skin all over my body.

"Let me see the book."

Mr. Pratchett blew his nose into the wet rag and dropped it to the ground. "Look," he said, "why don't you go away and stop annoying me?"

The point was this: a bookmaker's ticket, unlike a pari-mutuel ticket, never has anything written on it regarding the nature of your bet. This is normal practice, the same at every race track in the country, whether it's the Silver Ring at Newmarket, the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, or a tiny country flapping track near Oxford. All you receive is a card bearing the bookie's name and a serial number. The wager is (or should be) recorded by the bookie's clerk in his book, alongside the number of the ticket, but apart from that there is no evidence at all of how you betted.

"Go on," Mr. Pratchett was saying. "Hop it."

I stepped back a pace and glanced down the long line of bookmakers. None of them was looking my way. Each was standing motionless on his little wooden box beside his wooden placard, staring straight ahead into the crowd. I went up to the next one and presented a ticket.

"I had three pounds on Black Panther at twenty-five to one," I said firmly. "Seventy-eight pounds to come."

This man, who had a soft inflamed face, went through exactly the same routine as Mr. Pratchett, questioning his clerk, peering at the book, and giving me the same answers.

"Whatever's the matter with you?" he said quietly, speaking to me as though I were eight years old. "Trying such a silly thing as that."

This time I stepped well back. "You dirty thieving bastards!" I cried. "The whole lot of you!"

Automatically, as though they were puppets, all the heads down the line flicked round and looked at me. The expressions didn't alter. It was just the heads that moved, all seventeen of them, and seventeen pairs of cold, glassy eyes looked down at me. There was not the faintest flicker of interest in any of them.

"Somebody spoke," they seemed to be saying. "We didn't hear it. It's quite a nice day today."

The crowd, sensing excitement, was beginning to move in around me. I ran back to Mr. Pratchett, right up close to him, and poked him in the stomach with my finger. "You're a thief! A lousy rotten little thief!" I shouted.

The extraordinary thing was that Mr. Pratchett didn't seem to resent this at all.

"Well I never," he said. "*Look* who's talking!"

Then suddenly the big face broke into a wide, froglike grin, and he looked over at the crowd and shouted, "*Look* who's talking!"

All at once, everybody started to laugh. Down the line, the bookies were coming to life and turning to each other and laughing and pointing at me and shouting, "*Look* who's talking! *Look* who's talking!" The crowd began to take up the cry as well, and I stood there on the grass alongside Mr. Pratchett with this wad of tickets as thick as a pack of cards in my hand, listening to them and feeling slightly hysterical. Over the heads of the people, I could see Mr. Feasey beside his blackboard already chalking up the runners for the next race; and then beyond him, far away up the top of the field, I caught sight of Claud standing by the van, waiting for me with the suitcase in his hand.

It was time to go home.

—ROALD DAHL

•

ERRORS ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the transcript of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee hearing on the State Department's budget request for 1954*]

SENATOR DIRKSEN. The difficulty to me is that it gets a little bit like the Poo-Bah in the Mikado. If you asked him a question, he would ask in what capacity you asked him, whether it is Lord High Executioner or in what capacity, and you have to clarify. The lines of clarification are involved here. It shows Mr. Lourie how even more difficult his job is in dealing with personnel when he is not sure what he has control over it.

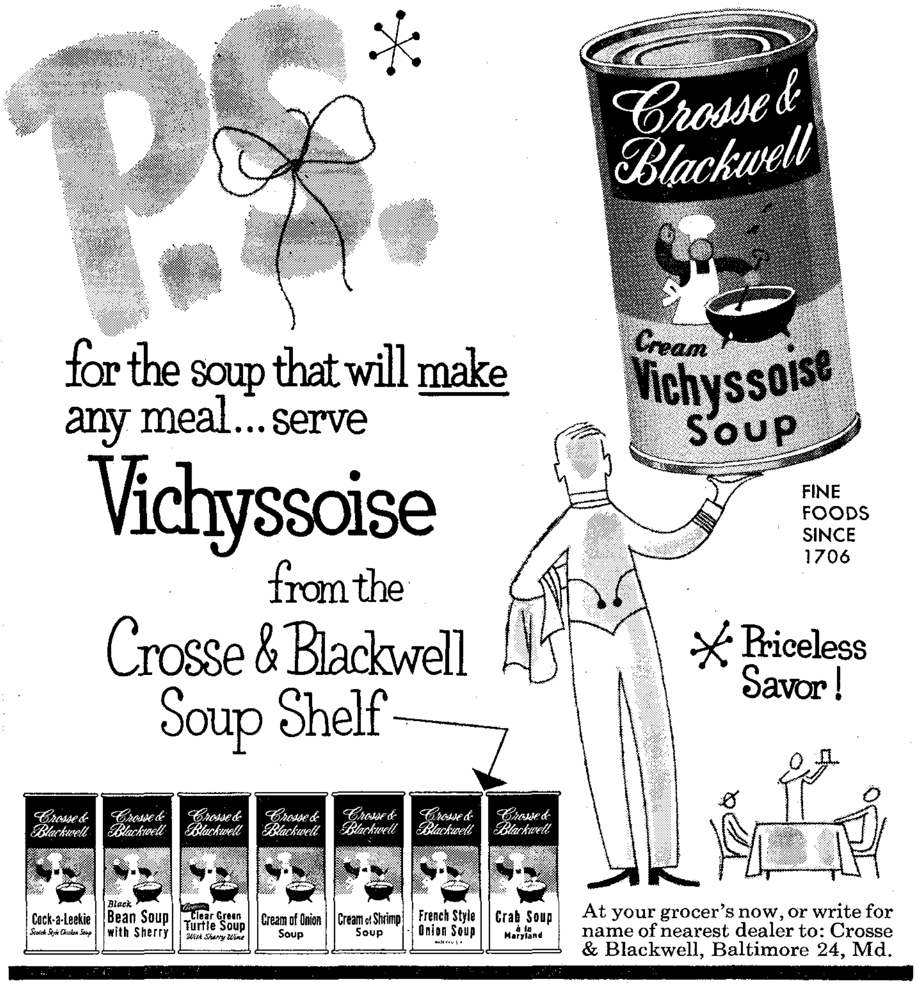
SENATOR MCCARRAN. He will find it more difficult than Cream of Wheat.

— *April 20, 1953.*

SENATOR MCCARRAN. Mr. Chairman, may I with your indulgence correct an error that I made yesterday in questioning Mr. Lourie?

CHAIRMAN BRIDGES. Certainly.

SENATOR MCCARRAN. I would like to strike the words "Cream of Wheat" out and insert in lieu thereof "Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour." —*April 21, 1953.*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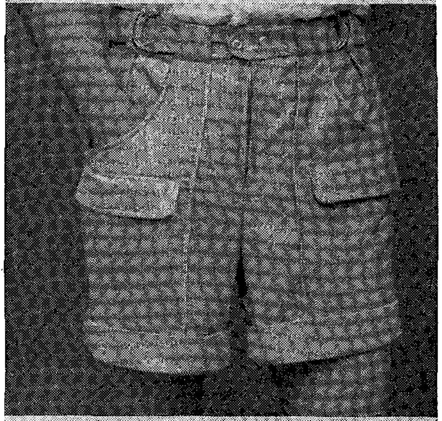

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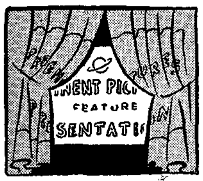

THE pneumatic aspects of Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell are extensively examined in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and while it is plain that both ladies are most pleasantly configured, it is also apparent that neither of them has more than a glancing acquaintance with the business of acting or more than a rudimentary idea of what Anita Loos had in mind when she wrote her saga about a pair of gold-diggers of the twenties. However, the girls do at least have a good deal of enthusiasm, and occasionally their exuberance offsets the tedium of a script consisting of one long series of variations on the sort of anatomical joke that used to amuse the customers of Minsky so inordinately. Charles Lederer, who wrote the screenplay, demonstrates an amazing aptitude for hobbling lively notions, and his mutilation of Miss Loos's old classic isn't rendered any more palatable by Howard Hawks' lethargic direction.

In this version of Miss Loos's story, the young ladies are no longer a product of the lunatic twenties; they have been brought right up to date, possibly to make sure that their structural assets wouldn't be obscured by the flour-sack styles of the flapper era. On a ship bound for Europe, Miss Monroe and Miss Russell are thrown in with such characters as a goatish old diamond magnate (Charles Coburn), a private eye (Elliott Reid), a wealthy idiot (Tommy Noonan), and an American Olympic team. Songs like "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" and "A Little Girl from Little Rock" have been salvaged from the recent musical comedy on the same theme, and a few new ones, of no particular distinction, may also be heard. For all the Technicolored splash and the billion-dollar sets, though, the thing boils down to a simple exhibition of the elasticity of the female frame. You can find out about this, if you want to, in your local penny arcade without the nuisance of having Mr. Lederer's japes lined at you by a lot of actors whose mouths are full of marbles.

THE late Houdini promised that after his death he'd make every effort to get a message through to us from the beyond. Up to now, he hasn't succeeded, but if he should, I'll bet that the ears of a good many Paramount executives are going to be scorched, for that firm has produced a film biography of the magician, entitled "Houdini," that is indeed a tepid affair. As the eminent escapist, Tony Curtis is a pale imitation of the man who was so incredibly dexterous at slipping out of handcuffs, cells, and strait jackets, and as his wife, Janet Leigh is decorative but little else. Abiding by the rules of the magician's game, the picture doesn't give any of Houdini's secrets away, and it concludes with Mr. Curtis moving up yonder while encased in a strait jacket and immersed in a tank full of water. Somehow, I didn't feel very bereaved.

"THE CHARGE AT FEATHER RIVER" is a three-dimensional account of some troubles with the Indians in the frontier days. At one point along the line, a snake jumped out from the screen. I promptly jumped out of my seat and out of the theatre. . . . "Ride, Vaquero!" is another Western, and in this one Robert Taylor depicts a denizen of Texas in the post-Civil War period. It has the virtue of being in two dimensions and assailing the customers with nothing more frightening than some standard lame dialogue.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

●

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[*From the Philadelphia Press, July, 1896*]

The city of the future, and no very distant future, will have no trolley poles or wires and no horses. All movements will be on rails by silent air motors or by horseless carriages, equally silent. All pavements will be asphalt. Unlimited light will be as cheap as unlimited water is today. No coal will be delivered at private houses and no ashes taken from them. With no horses, no coal, and no ashes, street . . . dirt will be reduced to a minimum. With no factory fires and no kitchen or furnace fires, the air will be as pure in the city as in the country. Trees will have a chance. Houses will be warmed and lighted as easily and cheaply as they are now supplied with water. A city will be a pretty nice place to live in when the first twenty years of the twentieth century are passed.

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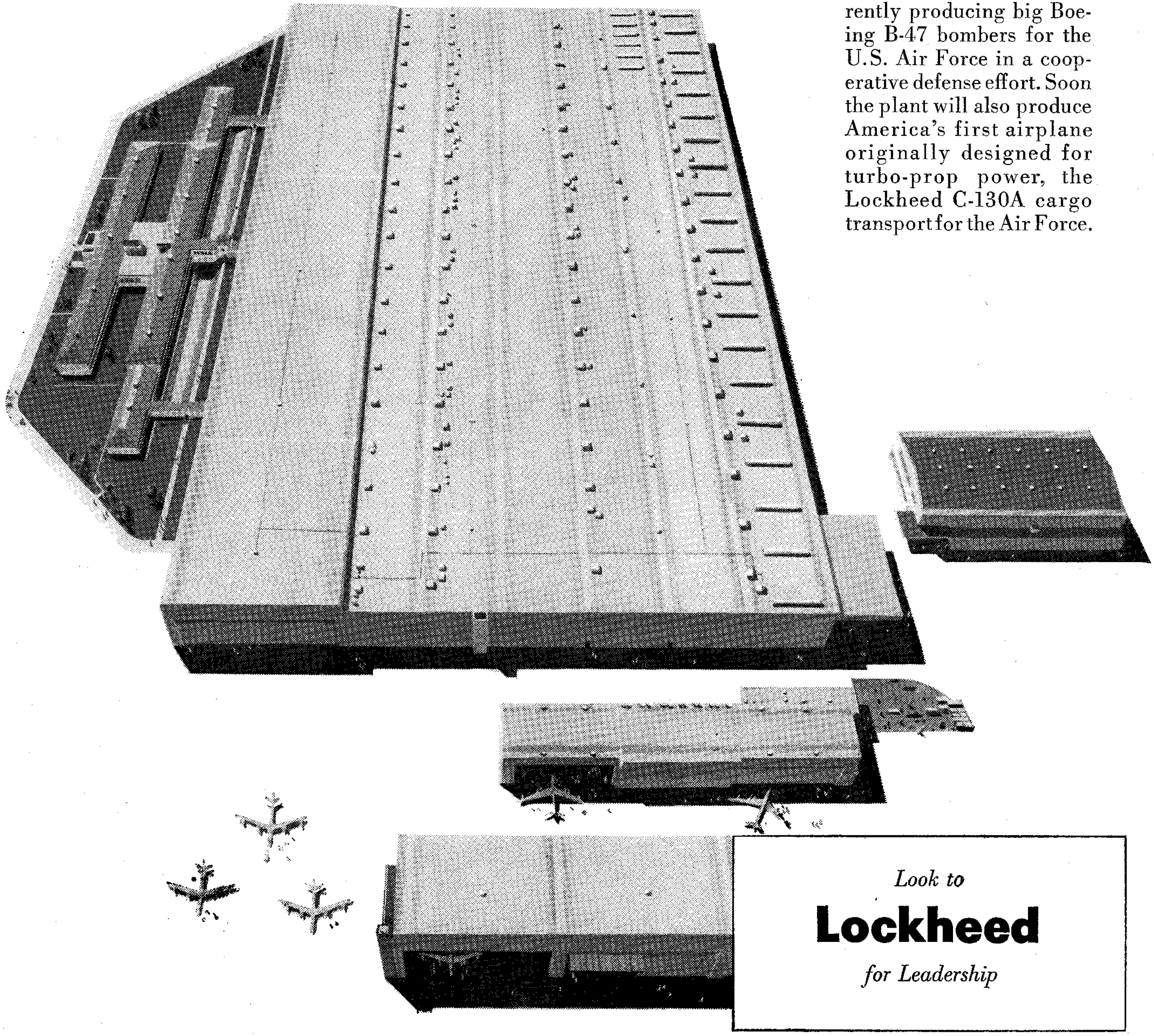

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 16

THE conference of Foreign Ministers that ended two days ago was not much of an event and was not intended to be. It was thrown together hastily to satisfy a public opinion that was supposed to be disappointed over the collapse of plans for the Bermuda conference, and it had from the start the damp, contrived spirit of the small family party that has been arranged as a compensatory treat for a daughter who for one reason or another has been forced to miss the grand ball. It got very little attention from anyone not participating directly in the sessions. The President gave some indication of the importance he attached to it by flying off to Texas on the opening day, and the press scarcely covered it at all. Though nothing came out of it that seems likely to affect the world situation very deeply, it does appear to have accomplished somewhat more than was expected, or even hoped for. The warning to the Korean and Chinese Communists that they could look forward to another round of trouble if they broke any forthcoming truce in Korea or made it the occasion for aggression elsewhere in Asia was firmly worded, committing the British and French to a more militant view than anyone here thought they would be willing to take at this time. The agreement reached by Mr. Dulles and M. Bidault on continuation of the French war in Indo-China with increased American support and with increased freedom for Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam is thought to be excellent. While it may very well be upset either by some future French government or by our own Congress, these are contingencies for which neither Mr. Dulles nor M. Bidault could be held responsible.

The decision to hold a meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the Big Four in the fall represents a compromise on what was generally regarded as the central issue of the conference. The British wanted a meeting of the heads of state; we wanted no meeting at all. For several years our government has taken the position that there should be no conference with the Russians until the Russians have made some preliminary concessions; over the same period, the British have taken the position that the West could gain moral and psychological advantages even from diplomatically unproductive meetings. At the recently concluded conference, according to the best information available, Mr. Dulles and the Marquess of Salisbury both argued that the downfall of Lavrenti Beria—the news of which reached Washington on the eve of the conference—strengthened their respective positions. Mr. Dulles contended that the identity of the Soviet Union's head of state is by no means clear; in fact, there may not be any effective head of state at all. He also pointed out that the Beria incident indicates a state of affairs in the Kremlin which makes it most improbable that any prudent Bolshevik leader would venture beyond its walls even for a few days. In the unlikely event that Mr. Malenkov should show up in London or Paris or anywhere else for a meeting of heads of state, Mr. Dulles is said to have maintained, it would be entirely plausible to assume that Mr. Malenkov had lost either his mind or his grip on power, and either way he would not be worth negotiating with. The British thought these points were well taken, but they held to the view that the difficulties inside the Kremlin, far from constituting an argument against holding a meeting, made it all the more worth while to approach the Russians with proposals for a four-power conference. At the very least, the British said, the terms of the Russian response might explain something about the Russian situation, which at this stage can take a lot of explaining. Through all this, M. Bidault, in accordance with the *comme-ci, comme-ça* attitude the French have long held on the question, advanced the view that there was much to be said on both sides, and he finally came up with the proposal that British and American differences be composed by a declaration in favor of a meeting of the Big Four Foreign Ministers. A formal invitation was issued today, and the reply, if any, will come in due time from Mr. Molotov, if there is any Mr. Molotov and if he is still Foreign Minister.

MUCH of the talk at the Foreign Ministers' conference must have centered on the Beria incident, but no one has reported what was said. In the State Department, there is as yet no settled interpretation of it—or, at any rate, none for public consumption. (It may be that the Department, acting on advice given it a couple of days ago by Walter Lippmann, is keeping mum on the theory that if word got out that this government had a favorite subversive in Moscow, a Lubianka cell would immediately be reserved for him.) In a number of circles outside the State Department, though, the question of whether Americans have any reason to rejoice over the turbulence that has characterized Communist politics since Stalin's death has been raised. In the long run, of course, anything that imposes new stresses and strains on Communist society is to our advantage. Our foreign policy has for some time rested on the hypothesis that our society has more elements of stability than Communist society, and that if this country and its allies in Europe and Asia do no more than keep free institutions in reasonably good working order for the next ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years, the Russians and their allies will succumb to the destructive elements within their system. The fall of Beria and the convulsions in some of the satellite states would appear simultaneously to confirm this assumption and to bring us a few steps closer to cold-war victory, but there is a disposition in some quarters here to point out that there is no foolproof method of political bookkeeping—that there are times when it is impossible to know whether a given event should be set down as a profit or a loss—and that for all we know, the elimination of Beria may in fact have the effect of strengthening the Russian state. A popular uprising in a satellite country certainly demonstrates that a tyrant's social control is less than total, but it demonstrates this to the tyrant as well as to us and thereby gives him the cue for increasing the effectiveness of his organization. The toppling of a Soviet leader or the use of tanks to suppress rioting may mark the end, rather than the beginning, of a situation advantageous to us.

Seen in another light, the events in Russia may mark the beginning of a situation that increases the possibilities for both gain and disaster. The greatest calculated risk in the containment, or stare-them-down, policy is, of course, that the kind of conflict we hope for in Communist society may lead the Communist leaders to provoke war, especially in a period when authority on the higher Communist levels is divided and insecure. For a long time before the death of Stalin, such makers of American policy as George F. Kennan and Charles E. Bohlen thought that his death would inaugurate a period in which every sign of hope would also be a sign of peril. They assumed that no successor could achieve anything like Stalin's mastery of the situation without years of struggle, which would sap Soviet strength. But they also assumed that the struggle might bring to power men whose desperation or ignorance could lead them to plunge the world into war, if they believed war would gain them personal or factional advantage. The policy planners felt that disturbances in the satellite countries, too, could create situations as pregnant with danger as with promise, and that no periods would be as critical, from the free world's point of view, as those marked by upheavals at either the highest or the lowest levels of the slave world. A nation pursuing a foreign policy such as ours can never be quite certain whether it is more desirable to be faced by an enemy government that is stable and responsible, though unyielding, as Stalin's government was, or by one that is unstable and leading from weakness, as appears to be the case with the successor government, whose personnel and policies have become so ob-

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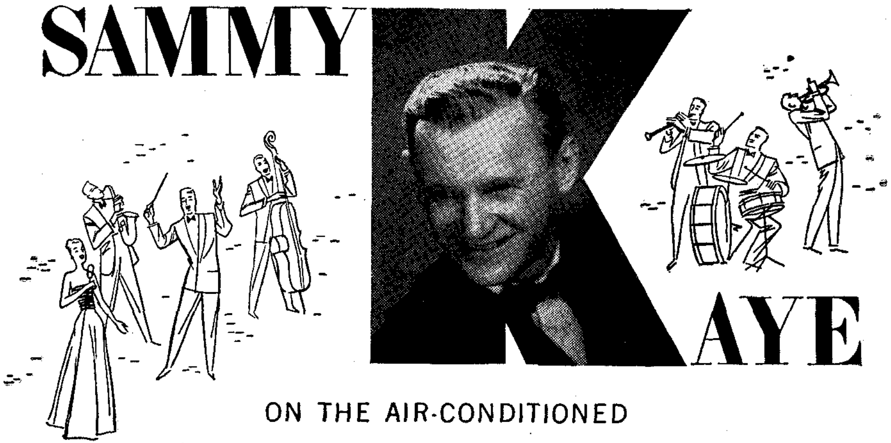
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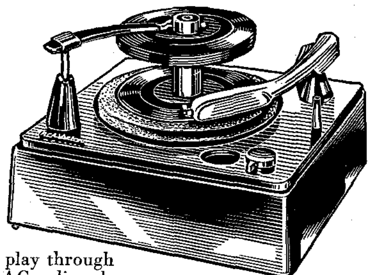

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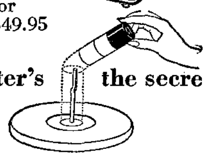

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scure that no one knows what to call them or how to describe them.

THE past few weeks have seen an increase of boldness on the part of the White House in its dealings with Congress, and there seems to be no doubt that the President has at last decided that his responsibilities as chief magistrate are more complicated and more onerous than those outlined in the standard civics textbooks. Until recently, his view has apparently been that he proposes and Congress disposes; he has often, in press conferences, given the impression that he thinks the Constitution directs him not only to accept whatever Congress does but to accept it with a show of good cheer and to keep his judgments, if any, to himself. He may not have wholly abandoned this humble and manifestly inadequate conception of his role, but he has at least modified it in some respects. It was his staff that gave the signal for last week's rebellion against the Congressional leadership of Representative Daniel Reed—or Syngman Reed, as some people have taken to calling him—and it was clearly in compliance with a new set of rules for the executive branch that the Secretary of State recently pounded the witness table at the Senate Appropriations Committee and poured contempt on the isolationist yearnings of Senator Dworshak, of Idaho. And the President himself went further than any of his aides when he publicly denounced the seeming anticlericalism of Mr. J. B. Matthews, the now deposed executive director of Senator McCarthy's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. After all, Mr. Matthews was not a policy or a piece of legislation but merely, at the time, an employee of a doubly subsidiary agency of Congress. The offending remarks were written for a privately owned periodical weeks or months before Mr. Matthews started his brief tenure as a public servant; assuming that the article did not form the basis for criminal-libel prosecution, it had no legal or political standing whatever, constituting only a moral issue between Mr. Matthews and his conscience, on the one hand, and a group of private citizens, on the other. It is hard to imagine a more sweeping view of executive authority than one that would encourage a President to enter such a controversy as this.

Despite the President's intervention, which just about everyone but Senator McCarthy and, presumably, Mr. Matthews welcomed, it is to be doubted whether any such really sweeping view does prevail in the White House. The President, it is felt, was emboldened to speak his mind in this instance partly by his need to dissociate himself from Senator McCarthy and partly by the tradition demanding of American politicians that they defend the good names of motherhood and the clergy whenever either is attacked. Nevertheless, the Matthews incident, considered along with the others, does suggest that there are circumstances under which the President will assert his leadership. This assertion was made so late in the legislative season, however, that there is practically no hope that Congress will now act on any administration requests except those essential to the continued functioning of the government. In the few days that remain before the August recess, there will be no time for anything but appropriations and revenue measures, and the question in most minds is whether the President will be able to persuade the next session to do any of the things that this one has neglected.

Among Republicans and Democrats alike, the general feeling is that the administration will find the going rougher and rougher as time passes. This view, so disheartening to administration adherents, is based not on the assumption that the President, having intervened on three or four occasions, will go back to his earlier position but on the assumption that the anti-Eisenhower Republicans have built up too much power to be stopped. By failing to get behind his closest supporters—men like Senator Ives, of New York, and Senator Duff, of Pennsylvania—early in the session, the President allowed the Party leadership to go to men who neither liked nor trusted him very much, with the result that what a year ago was known as the "Eisenhower bloc" in Congress is now only a dissident faction inside the Republican majority, and is of far less consequence than the Democratic minority. The atmosphere is such that Senator Wiley, of Wisconsin, is regarded as some sort of radical for leading, on the President's behalf, the opposition to the Bricker Amendment (he was censured for this in a formal resolution passed a few weeks ago by the Republican Party in Wisconsin), and it is in this atmosphere that the White House must negotiate with the Republican leaders of Congress—as if they were the representatives of a rival organization. The President, to be sure, has a good deal of leverage in his prestige with the public, which appears to be as high as ever, but even so he seems able

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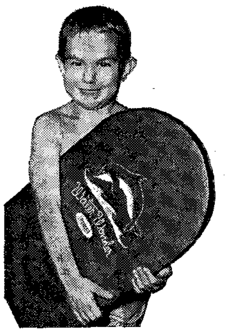

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to get what he wants only by giving away something of comparable value. Thus his hard-won victory in getting confirmation for the appointment of Ambassador Bohlen early last spring was gained at the price of an understanding that there would be no more Bohlens. Once the President had taken a stand on Bohlen, Senator Taft, who could appreciate how serious a matter a defeat for the administration would have been at that stage, agreed to clear the nomination through the Senate; in return for this favor, however, he won a promise that he would not again be subjected to upholding a cause so dubious, in his estimation, as Mr. Bohlen. This promise was honored for the first time a few weeks ago, when the administration wished to give Paul Nitze, a Republican but a leading foreign-policy planner under President Truman, an important job in the Pentagon. It was pointed out by Congressional leaders that Mr. Nitze, no matter how competent a man he might be, bore the same shameful brand as Bohlen, and the White House, recognizing this, immediately altered its plans for him.

Similarly, the President's victory over Representative Reed on the issues of reciprocal-trade agreements and the excess-profits tax was won at the cost of assurances that Republican leaders would not again be asked to endure the anguish of supporting the extension of Truman taxes and opposing the inflexible will of Mr. Reed. They received promises of administration support for tax reduction next year, regardless of the condition of the budget or the outlook for revenues. From all accounts, the condition of the budget will be about the same as this year and the outlook for revenues worse, so the hope of striking the balance the President longs for recedes farther and farther into the future. "The trouble with the kind of victories we're winning," one of the President's Republican supporters in the House said last week, "is that we have to accept each one as the last of its kind. Maybe we'll get a few things through next winter—Hawaiian statehood, if we're lucky, and maybe Social Security extension, if the Republicans up for reëlection in 1954 think it will help them—but it looks more and more as if this administration isn't even going to get the chance to make a record for itself."

THE Matthews incident was only one of several stunning defeats sustained by Senator McCarthy in the

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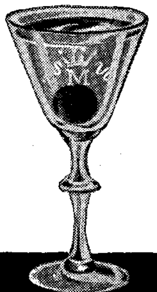

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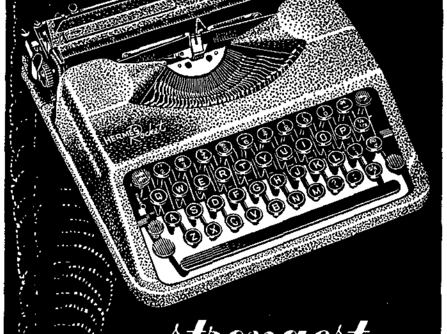

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last fortnight, and although no one here is willing to say that McCarthy's power is in certain decline, there is no doubt that he is confronted by the most acute crisis of his career. The President has not committed himself to continuing the offensive against him, but he will be forced to do so if McCarthy goes on assaulting Eisenhower appointees, as distinguished from the Democratic holdovers, who have been his main targets this year. The evidence of the moment suggests that McCarthy is well aware of this and is filled with apprehension. After announcing his plans to harass Dr. Robert L. Johnson, who has just resigned as head of the International Information Administration, and Allen W. Dulles, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, he called off his dogs and put them back on the scent of writers. But his difficulties with the President are by no means his only ones. He has been hurt by the defection of the Democrats on his committee and by the mounting hostility in Congress generally. Apparently, the entire staff of his committee is breaking up. The report is that Messrs. Roy Cohn and G. David Schine, the youthful and ubiquitous Torquemadas who serve as the subcommittee's chief counsel and chief consultant, respectively, are about to go the way of Matthews. Matthews was preceded through the exit by Howard Rushmore, the former *Daily Worker* movie critic and Hearst reporter who was McCarthy's specialist on affairs connected with the press. These gifted men will be hard to replace. Indeed, it almost seems as if everything McCarthy has touched these past few weeks has turned out badly for him.

Even before this recent series of defeats, it appeared to many people here that McCarthy and McCarthyism were approaching a point of diminishing returns. But the feeling was mainly intuitive, and this is a field in which intuition can be most deceptive. Indeed, in McCarthy's case, even hard, objective facts can be misleading. While it now seems likely that he will not be cutting quite the same figure in Washington that he has cut since the first of the year, this is not to say that he will be cutting a smaller figure; rather, he may soon be cutting a figure of a different kind. The real source of his strength is outside Washington, and an open break with the Eisenhower Republicans might help him to exploit it more effectively than ever before. The campaigns of 1950 and 1952 revealed him as just about the most formidable American

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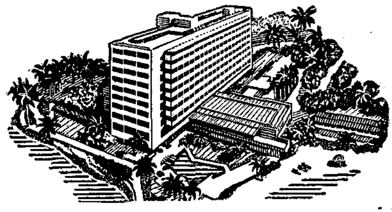

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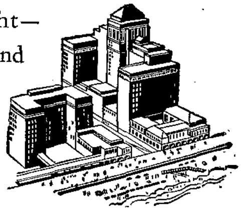

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demagogue of this century, and it is an elementary principle of the art he practices that it achieves its most dazzling results only when it is carried on outside the regular party system. There is little doubt in most minds here that thanks to the publicity McCarthy has harvested inside the party system, he has now assumed sufficient stature to set up as an independent force in American politics. The one thing he lacks is a program. Up to now, he has had no goals, apart from purely negative ones, and there is no case on record of a man's attaining any large measure of power without being in favor of some kind of social reconstruction or amelioration. It may be that McCarthy is incapable of anything of this sort. But there are those who regard him as an essentially radical character and would not be in the least surprised to find him, once he has run dry on the Communist issue, turning up as the spokesman for a mass movement of the unemployed or of white-collar workers or of almost any group that includes large numbers of people with votes. At any rate, though there is a general feeling that his role and his status may be about to undergo a change, there is as yet no feeling that we will shortly see or hear the last of him.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

SONG TO A LIZARD

Sweet little dragon, do not yawn.
Your virgin-eating days are done,
When, breathing flame, you swallowed
 whole
Errant knight and Christian soul.

Gone but in dreams your dreadful roar
And flashing talons; gone a score
Of tooth marks on Saint George's blade
(Spring training for the next crusade).

Small, teething dragon, guiltless lie.
Huge bombs are falling from the sky,
And all the heroes that you slew
Spring up and far outmonster you.

—SUE SMART

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P. S. In the August issue you'll find words and pictures on Utah, Yugoslavia, Thousand Islands, and an unusual piece on fishing by H. L. Davis.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS

WITH everybody being so aggressively modern about other things, it's funny that the attitude of most people toward picnic refreshments has remained just about what it was before the automobile came along and drastically changed the whole setup of such functions. A lunch of sandwiches, fried chicken, hard-boiled eggs, and maybe a cake is still classic picnic fare, less because of a preference for that sort of provender, I suspect, than because of an ancient superstition that the haul is going to be long and hard and therefore paraphernalia must be kept to a minimum. Actually, since the makings of a picnic are thrown into the back of a car at the house door and unloaded at the beach or meadow of destination, it doesn't matter how much impedimenta in the way of ice chests, charcoal grills, wine bottles, cocktail shakers, wire salad baskets, boxes of strawberries, and other valuable accessories are packed in, and it is the woman who has grasped this bit of irrefutable logic who shines as a bright star among picnic organizers. I am of the opinion that the sandwich-type picnic, with all that dull business of slicing, spreading, and wrapping, is more trouble and less fun than the kind where cold roasts, salads, cheeses, pâtés, and the like are taken along, so I propose to report on a few items in the latter category that should lend interest to a lunch basket without presenting any special transportation difficulties.

For a really bang-up outing—the sort that probably won't be indulged in more than once a season—I recommend the services of the Saltwater Farm, Damariscotta, Maine, which ships lobsters and clams that arrive irreproachably fresh and delicious. Having long contended that a lobster from Wynne & Treanor, right here in town, is good enough for me, I have stubbornly avoided mail-order crustaceans, which involve correspondence, expedition of checks, and an impossible degree of certainty regarding the nature of my appetite three days in advance. However, prodded by enthusiasts for the Damariscotta shellfish, I recently sent Saltwater Farm my check for $14.95, for which I received eight noble, kicking lobsters (each weighed a pound and an eighth) and half a peck of equally fresh, if less vivacious, soft clams. The combination provided a feast of unforgettable enjoyment. In case the thought of eight rampageous lobsters is too alarming, I should say a word about Saltwater's ingenious packing, which ought to reassure the timid or lazy cook who feels that there is much to be said for a lobster that arrives boiled and unbelligerent from the fishmonger. The Damariscotta creatures, clams and all, come packed in seaweed in a sealed tin drum set in a barrel of ice. All the cook has to do is make some small punctures in the top of the drum, pour in a quart of salt water, and boil for fifteen minutes after the steam starts to rise. The top of the drum is then pried off, and there is the banquet, perfectly cooked. The Damariscotta shipment made the easiest meal I ever put together, and one of the best. In Maine, I have eaten lobsters equally good, but never before, anywhere, have I tasted such clams—sweet, melting in the mouth, and with the unique fragrance of low tide, iodine, and bayberry. Besides this package (it should serve eight people adequately, but I found that four had no trouble tucking it away), standard shipments include sixteen lobsters and a peck of clams, for $23.50; ten lobsters (and no clams), for $14.95; and twenty lobsters, for $23.50. Express charges are extra—starting at around $3.20 on New York shipments—and delivery on the date specified in the order is guaranteed anywhere within eighteen hundred miles of Damariscotta.

ASSUMING that an ice chest is going along to the picnic, I can think of nothing better on a hot day than a cold, cold jar of vichyssoise. Le Trianon, a restaurant at 56 East 56th Street, does a brisk trade in this soup, packing it in pint or quart containers to be taken out. It is of exactly the right consistency, made with a base of strong chicken broth (that's the part of vichyssoise that puts off so many cooks in this non-soup-making country) and rich with cream. It's not quite highly enough seasoned to suit me, but it is the work of a moment to heighten the flavor with whatever seasoning one likes—a splash of the liquid from some cocktail onions, a few more chives, or (this is a wholly unorthodox procedure) the slightest grating of raw cucumber. The restaurant seems always to have the soup on hand, and it costs $1 a pint.

IF broiling something or heating a chowder is part of your picnic routine, it's mighty uplifting to have on hand a round of Martinis in a screw-top jar, to take up the lag while the cook putters over the campfire. Nothing could go more happily with these than some little crescents made of incredibly light pastry filled with well-flavored minced ham (they are very like the Russian *pirojki*), which are turned out by Mrs. George Gilliland, of 35-44 75th Street, Jackson Heights (Illinois 7-0544). These morsels are trifling enough not to compete with the major items on the menu, yet sufficiently hearty to strike the right outdoor note and start things off cheerfully. The price is $1.25 a dozen.

RIB lamb chops, because of their convenient handles, which can be done up in paper frills to avoid the necessity of knives and forks, provide, of course, the ideal picnic meat, but if there are times when you feel you must settle for frankfurters, let me direct you to the appetizing delicatessen of Karl Ehmer, 200 East 86th Street, where all varieties of German *Würste* are taken seriously. To bring out further virtues in the sausage, I should perhaps call to your attention again a marinade, El Poche, which I mentioned in these columns some time ago and which is now to be had at Wynne & Treanor, 712 Madison Avenue (63rd), at $1.50 for an eleven-ounce jar. It has a base of powdered red chilies, to which have been added savory spices and herbs and a discreet amount of the ingredient—whatever it is—that produces the flavor of hickory smoke.

AN exceedingly good cooked ham from Knauss Brothers, who operate an old and reliable smokehouse in Poughkeepsie, has recently put in an appearance at Charles & Co., 340 Madison Avenue (43rd), and at the George H. Shaffer Market, 673 Madison Avenue (61st). This is a superior, mildly smoked ham, without the rich assertiveness of the Smithfield or the insipidness of the tenderized. A half or a whole ham, boiled, costs ninety-eight cents a pound, and Charles sells it sliced, in any quantity, $1.29 a pound.

AN excellent veal-and-ham pâté with truffles, surrounded by meat jelly laced with sherry and brandy, is made by Mme. Colette Hébert, who has a new shop at 1031 Third Avenue

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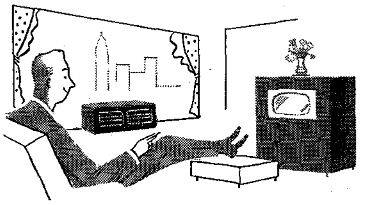

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(61st). This is somewhere in between a pâté and a galantine, the meat being chopped, rather than ground. A half pound, bedded in a small terrine, costs $2. The same shop does an extremely good *quiche lorraine*, but it comes in a puff pastry crust instead of the more usual short piecrust, and must be crisped in the oven not longer than an hour before serving, so on that account it might be ruled out for picnics. . . . Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, imports from France a generously truffled *galantine de volaille*, which, sliced on crusty French bread or served as an accompaniment to a salad, would dress up any lunch, indoors or out. A tin that weighs about a pound costs $5. . . . A less expensive spread is Noack's meat galantine, which comes from Holland and is sold for around a dollar an eight-ounce can at Wynne & Treanor, Maison Glass, Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), and numerous other food shops. Macy sells it only in a sixteen-ounce can, for $1.84. It has a pâtélike veal base, it's studded with artfully arranged bits of black truffles, green pistachio nuts, and red beef tongue, and slices of it add a decorative touch around a potato salad or on a platter of cold cuts. It's even better when garnished with a few spoonfuls of meat jelly; for that matter, I think most cold meats and all pâtés are vastly improved by the addition of a strong aspic.

SCHRAFFT, as everybody must know, will take orders for practically anything in the way of refreshment, but everybody may not know about a few Schrafft specialties that I think are especially satisfactory for picnics. The stores' all white meat chicken salad, at $2.75 a pint (the minimum quantity sold), is about as good as any you can find anywhere. Orders must be placed twenty-four hours in advance. The stores' catering department will also do a good shrimp or lobster salad on forty-eight hours' notice, but no price can be quoted, owing to the ups and downs of the shrimp and lobster markets.

I HAVE recently come upon an uncommonly fine Danish blue cheese, called Flora Danica, which costs ninety-eight cents a pound at Scandinavian Delicacies, a Danish food shop at 1100 Third Avenue (65th). The cheese is creamy and smooth and combines the best features of Gorgonzola and Roquefort; the fact that it is considerably milder than most blues makes it suitable for summer eating, but it may be a trifle strong for picnics. I should mention also that this shop specializes in excellent fish puddings. . . . A cheese that *is* good for picnics is the small Colorado Cheddar, known as Blackie, that was sold by Bellows' late Gourmets' Bazaar and is now carried, along with all the rest of the Bazaar's stock, by Maison Glass. It is put up in black, wax-covered cakes, and costs ninety-five cents a pound. A cheese spread that Maison Glass calls *fromage maison*—it's made of the finest Cheddar, herbs, and condiments, and a twelve-ounce crock costs $1.75—is capital either with drinks at the beginning of a picnic or with the good black coffee so urgently needed to end one.

WHEN, earlier in this treatise, I spoke disparagingly of the picnic sandwich, it was the small, elegantly decrusted item with a tendency to curl at the edges that I had in mind. A splendid sandwich, however, is the hero. This, with everything the more refined sandwich lacks—including crust—is a long loaf sliced from end to end and filled with various savory spreads, cheeses, and meats. Bought in an Italian delicatessen, it is often first-rate picnic food, with its strident and brashly conflicting flavors, but made at home, of whatever is best in the refrigerator, it can be a really imposing structure. In making it, a good long French or Italian loaf is a necessity; my own choice is the magnificent Parisian loaf, flat and nearly a yard long, made by the Marseillaise French Baking Company, 293 West Fourth Street, but maybe you know a good loaf nearer at hand. Lay on a bit of pot roast sprinkled with chives; some leftover string beans (they are better if they have been cooked in a mustard sauce); the good Hertz salami, which you can find at most food shops; any of the pâtés I have spoken of; some slices of cucumber in sour cream with fresh dill (you are lost if you begin to consider what goes with what); a spoonful of fish mayonnaise with capers; a handful of Torino black olives; and some superior cheese—and you have a sandwich that *is* a sandwich.

TO round off your picnic with a suitable sweet, Mrs. Gilliland, the Jackson Heights woman who makes the ham pastries, can provide a number of simply wonderful confections. Chief among these is a strawberry *torte*—a Viennese sweet made of cake, baked-on meringue, and strawberries. I can testify to its phenomenal success at a recent picnic, and it should have an equal triumph on a dinner table; however you intend to use it, a *torte* that

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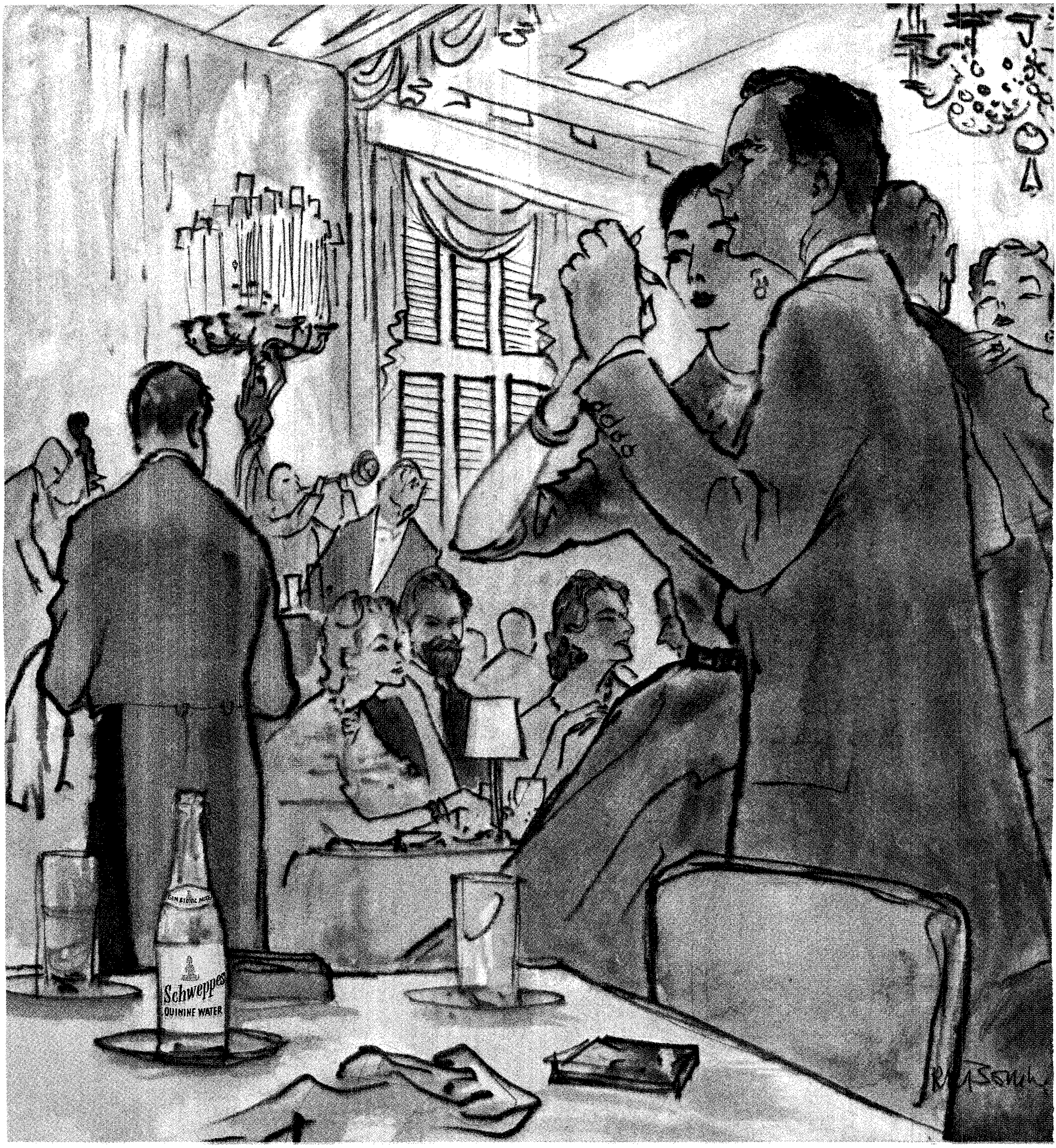

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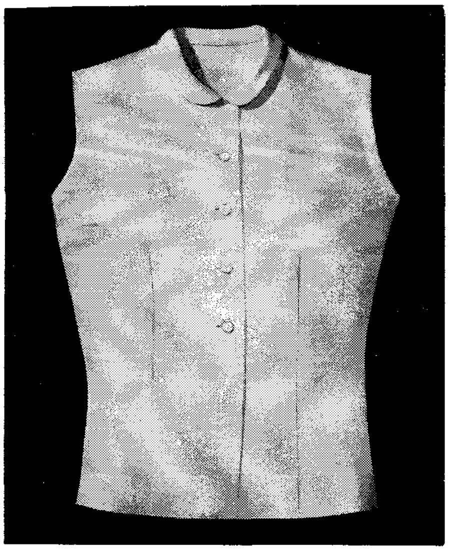

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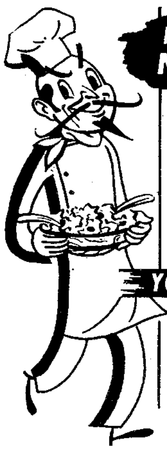

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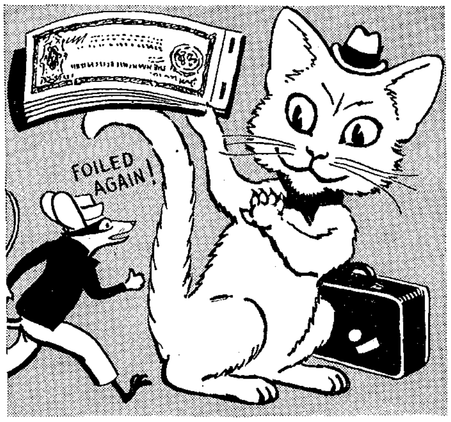
will serve ten costs $4. She also makes a delicious strawberry shortcake with a delicate, rich crust filled with fresh, sugar-soaked berries ($1.75). Other specialties of this versatile woman are a most unusual lemon pie ($3.50), filled with lemon curd into which whipped cream has been folded; apple pie ($1.75); and a glazed, open-faced blueberry pie ($3.50). Any of these can be safely transported in a pie basket, or, if you haven't a pie basket, in a hatbox. Mrs. G.'s angel food and spongecakes, which are light, moist, and downright unbeatable, present even less of a transportation problem. A ten-inch spongecake costs $3.50, and the angel food is $3. She will mail the cakes (postage is extra) but none of the other pastries; for the latter, there is a delivery charge of fifty cents, anywhere in Manhattan.

Back on Third Avenue, Colette Hébert, the Frenchwoman who turns out the *pâté de veau et jambon*, has several engaging sweets on hand. Among them are individual *mousses au chocolat* that might not hold up at a picnic but would surely be a credit to an indoor meal. They are twenty-five cents each, and come in paper cases about the size of a small custard cup, which, while practical for most purposes (three or four of them would make an inspired offering for a hospitalized friend), don't have the homelike touch for a dinner dessert. To avoid the store look, Mme. Hébert will make, on order, a mousse of any size in a Pyrex baking dish or your own dish. Other recommended specialties here are apple turnovers; a cake filled with ground parched hazelnuts and butter cream; and a *bûche* of the most delicate spongecake rolled up with a mocha filling and toasted almonds. The hazelnut cake costs $1.75 and the mocha roll, which serves twelve, costs $4.50; you can buy it by the half loaf, also.

WINE is, I admit, not in the American picnic tradition, and there is certainly much to be said on a hot day for beer in a bucket of ice. However, when the weather isn't torrid, a good case can be made for a not overly elegant wine—preferably red and with an agreeable forthrightness. A bottle that fills these requirements and is, moreover, priced at a figure (ninety-eight cents) that isn't often attached to a wine of this quality is a Côte du Rhône imported by Frank Schoonmaker and sold by Sherry Wine & Spirits, 679 Madison Avenue (61st). This is a Rhône bearing no reassuring district or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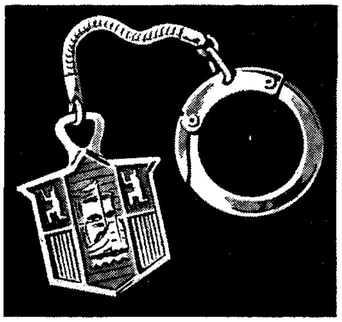

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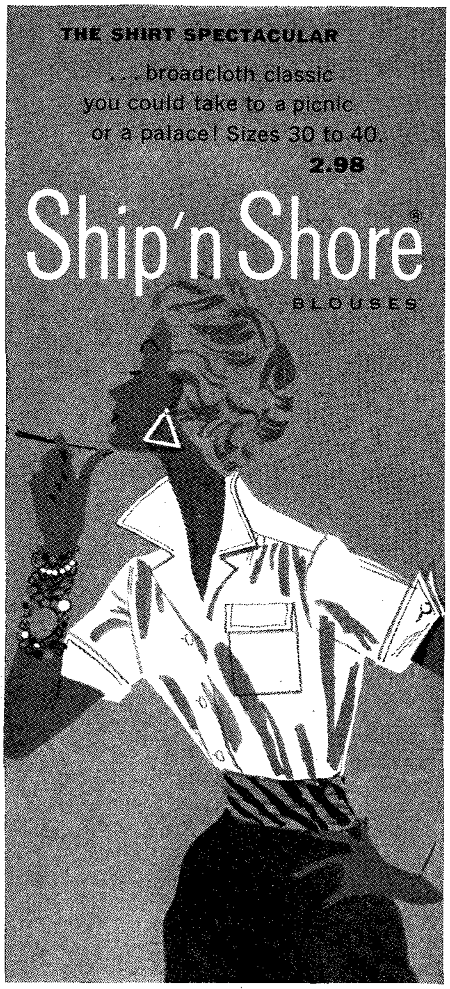
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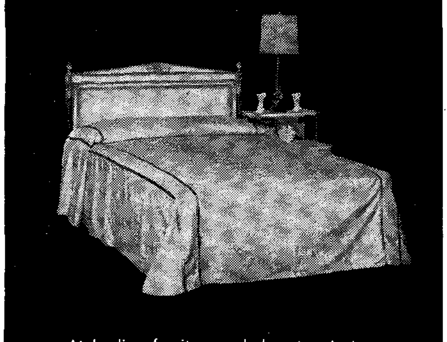
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vineyard name, and of no particular year, and it is probably much lighter than the wines you know from that valley, but it does have character and the irresistible Rhône taste—although rather watered down. It is the unpretentious sort of wine that seems to be actually improved—at least on a hot day—by being ever so slightly chilled.

I wouldn't put this modest Rhône alongside the rich 1945 Côte Rôtie from the Birot vineyards which M. Lehmann, 374 Park Avenue (53rd), sells for $2.25. Here is an example of those qualities characteristic of the successful vintages of the Roasted Slope, and one with an accommodating friendliness that doesn't demand some grand *plat* to show itself off. Another Rhône—this with more distinction and, of course, a higher price tag—is the Hermitage Les Moines '50, at Sherry, for $2.79. I make bold, though, to disagree with my betters who tell me that this fine Rhône is ready for drinking; I don't mean that drinking it right now isn't a joy, but the joy will be a lot keener in five or six years.

I am pleased to report on two clarets, heretofore unknown to me, that embody two virtues much in demand in summer—soundness and inexpensiveness. One is a 1947 Château Bel-Air, a Pomerol that, although it's much softer, has considerable resemblance to a St. Emilion. The other is a Château de l'Hôpital of the same year—a St. Estèphe of one of the lesser *crus*, but one that has a good deal of the bold, full body of the classed growths. Both cost $1.75 at A. N. Luria, 1217 Madison Avenue (88th). Some months ago I mentioned in these columns a Lynch-Bages that I thought a great bargain at $1.65 a bottle. Lehmann now offers this Pauillac in the 1945 vintage at $1.44, which makes it worth while to bring the subject up again.

A Burgundy that also fulfills the requirements of being both easy to drink and easy to pay for is the 1947 Aloxe-Corton, of no particular vineyard; it is soft and fruity, but it can hold its own with the most robust summer dishes, and it costs $1.69 at Lehmann. For lighter fare, Lehmann has a modestly priced Moselle (the price of Moselles is never more than *relatively* modest)—a 1949 Trittenheimer Laurentiusberg with an unusually flowery bouquet and a delicate charm worthy of the swordfish, the salmon, and the broiled turkey that are the rich blessings of summer.

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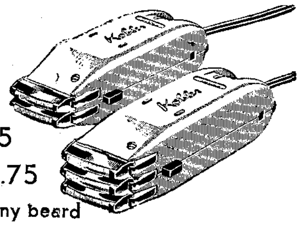

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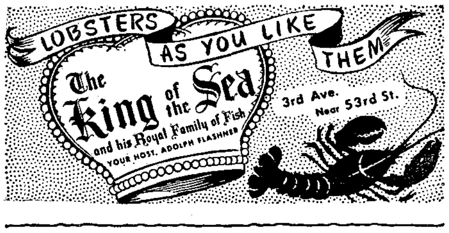
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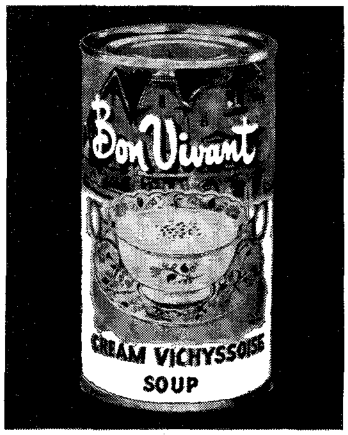
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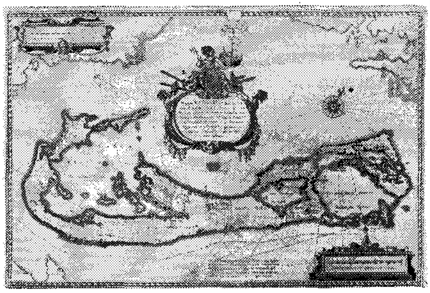
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Muscadet from the Loire country around Nantes, which has been imported—for the first time, as far as I know—by Dreyfus Ashby and sold for around $1.90 by Colony Wine & Spirits, 809 Madison Avenue (68th); Vendôme; Sherry; A. N. Luria; Gotham Liquor Shop, 1082 Park Avenue (88th); and Terry-Dibble, 398 East 52nd Street. This is the crisp, clean white wine, slightly aromatic and delightfully refreshing, that is met with everywhere in Brittany, and it has just about everything to make it enormously popular as a summer drink over here. The fact remains, however, that it *is* a *petit vin*, and a lot of returned travellers who remember it in carafes on nearly every inn table in Finistère are going to be startled by the price tag. Little wine that it is, however, it possesses such engaging lightness, and is so remarkably *désaltérant*, that I think a good many hot and thirsty people will very wisely overlook the difference between the Nantes and the New York prices. As a bit of encouragement to those who expect to be even hotter and thirstier in August than they are now, I can report that Sherry Wine & Spirits has on the high seas a shipment of 1952 Muscadet (a fine vintage in Loire wines), for which orders are being taken; delivery is promised by August 1st, and the price is $1.49.

Moving on from the realm of economies to pure, or at least reckless, enjoyment, I shall conclude this exercise with a 1947 Meursault Santenot, from the Marquis d'Angerville vineyards, imported especially for M. Lehmann and priced at $3.59. This is a tremendously vigorous white Burgundy, possessing at the same time extraordinary delicacy and an entrancing bouquet. When I say it is just about the most outstanding white wine I have come across this summer, I don't mean it as any solemn pronouncement, but, like the rest of these notes, merely as the reaction of an amateur of catholic tastes. —S. H.

•

Barbara Osterman, 21, of Oakland, Calif., measures 36 waist, 24 hip and 36 bust, and it adds up to the title of Miss Good Posture for 1953.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

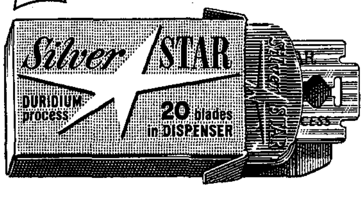
And to little else.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Seattle Times*]

Samia, who has a leading part in "White Cargo," performs her famous "danse du ventre" (dance of the winds) briefly.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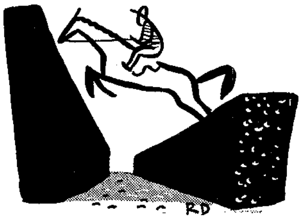
THE RACE TRACK

Just a Gallop

IT occurs to me that if things go on the way they are going, this may be known as Native Dancer's Year. My chief misgivings before he ran for the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park in Chicago last weekend were that he might be at a disadvantage on a track ordinarily kept as hard as anything, so that showy speed records can be made over it (some horses accustomed to the softer footing hereabouts need weeks to get used to it), and that there would be so many runners out for the purse, which grossed $154,300, that the one-mile dash would be a gay, whoop-de-do rodeo like the Kentucky Derby, in which the favorite occasionally gets a bit the worst of it. I couldn't have been more wrong; the track was heavy from rain that had fallen the day before, only eight colts ran, and for the most part the race was a procession.



I watched the Classic on television, and Native Dancer didn't get into the picture for more than half a mile, but when he did, it was apparent he was going to win. He won, all right—by nine lengths. Van Crosby, who had built up quite a reputation for speed on the basis of one race over the track, made a good try; he led until Native Dancer overtook him, and lost second money to Sir Mango by a short head. Jamie K., the second choice in the betting, was fifth. Native Dancer gave him six pounds. I wrote last week that Native Dancer could give Jamie K. twice as much and beat him just as easily. Well, according to the chart, Native Dancer beat him by more than eleven lengths. The handicappers figure that one length equals three pounds, so I'd say this disposes of Jamie K.

Native Dancer was 7–10 in the Classic, the longest price he's been all year. His share of the purse was $97,725, which brought his prize money for this season to $428,075, and his grand total to $658,570—about a hundred thousand dollars more than Whirlaway earned in the sixty races he ran. (Native Dancer has won sixteen of his seventeen starts.) Now lively speculation will begin as to whether he can pass Citation's record of $1,085,760. After the Travers Stakes (a mere twenty-five-thousand-dollar number) at Saratoga on August 15th, Native Dancer will go to Chicago for the hundred-thousand-dollar American Derby at Washington Park the following week.

Last May, when Native Dancer won the Preakness and Tom Fool won the Metropolitan Handicap, Colonel Martingale suggested that a meeting of the two would be the race of the year. It's my guess that if it happens at all, it will be at Belmont Park in the autumn. I've a notion, too, that the Greentree Stable thinks the Sysonby Stakes, at a mile, would be just the ticket. Mr. Vanderbilt has other ideas. He's all for the Jockey Club Gold Cup. That's at two miles.

THERE'S little to be said for or about the racing at Jamaica last week. One event, however, recalled the old adage that a horse will always come back to his best form if you wait long enough. Take Count Turf, who won the Kentucky Derby in 1951 and has done practically nothing since. (If memory serves, he did win a race shortly after the Derby, and one at Santa Anita last year, but that's all.) A fortnight ago, he finished last in the Brooklyn Handicap, a dozen lengths behind Tom Fool. At Jamaica last Saturday, though, he ran over the leaders in the final furlongs of the Questionnaire Handicap, and won by lengths from Indian Land. The favorite, Post Card, was third. Unfortunately, it was Count Turf's last appearance on a racecourse, for he injured a tendon in his left front leg and went lame.

Easily the most exciting finish of the week was in the Fleetwing Handicap, when Eatontown got up in the last stride to beat Tea-Maker and Squared Away by inches. The extraordinary part of it was that Eatontown didn't seem to have racing room as he came between Squared Away and Tea-Maker, but he got through without bumping either of them. The surprise of the week—to me, at any rate—was the improvement in Quick Lunch. Early in the Aqueduct meeting, he galloped off with the Tremont Stakes, but then he finished down the course in the Great American Stakes. In the Wakefield Stakes on Monday, he led all the way, as he does when he has his good days. That's form for you.

—AUDAX MINOR

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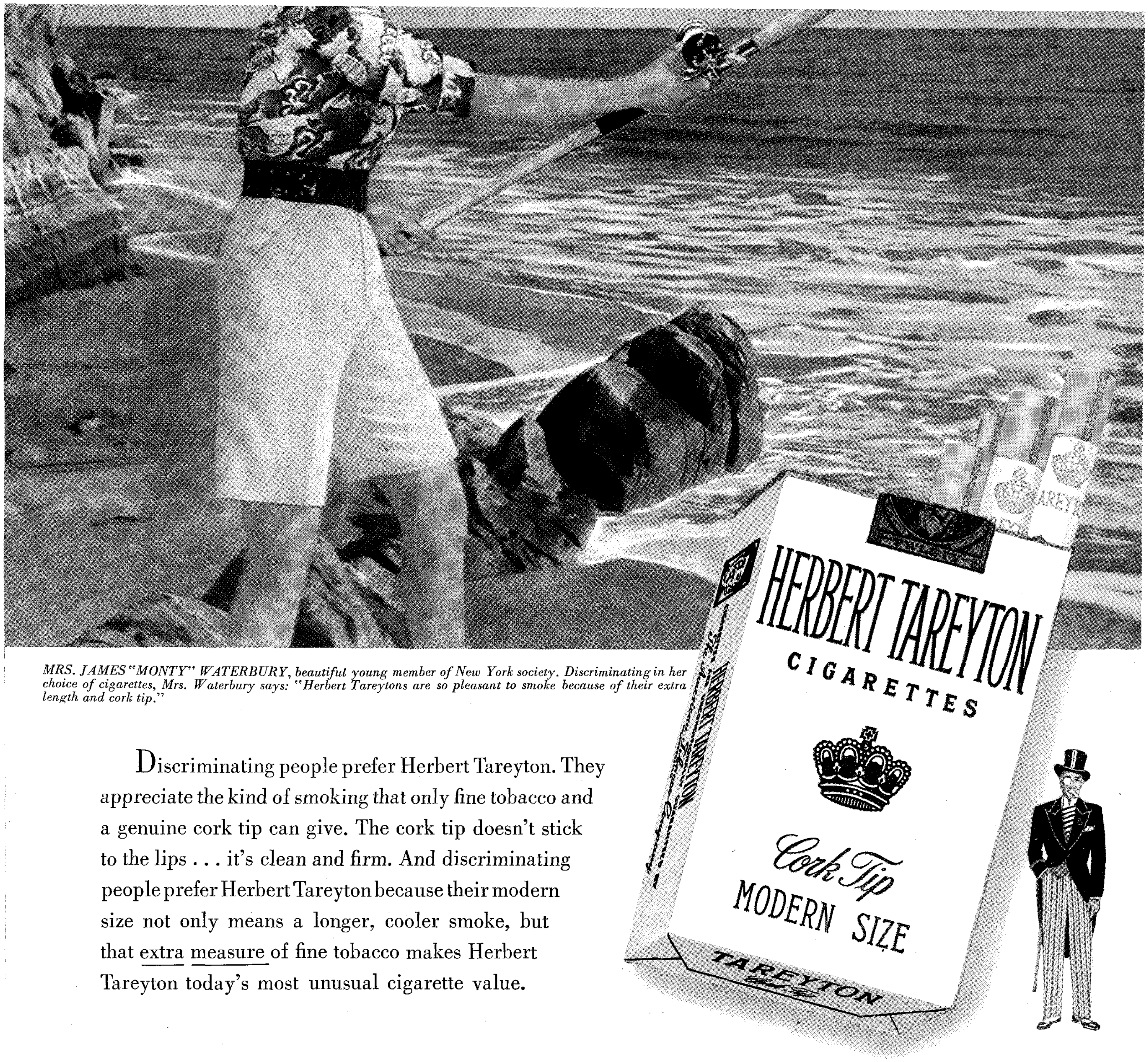
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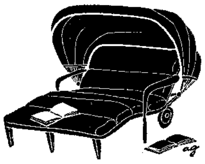


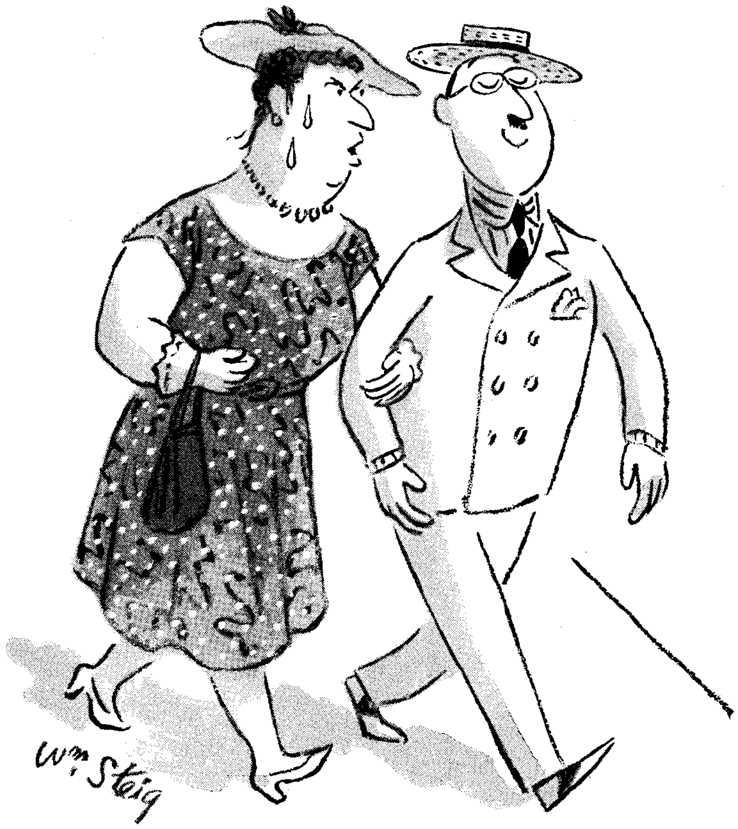
THE resurrection of the Austrian writer Robert Musil's long and unfinished novel, "The Man Without Qualities" (Coward-McCann), a decade after its author's death is one of those mysterious literary events for which logic provides no explanation. The book was fading gently into an obscurity even greater than the one it had enjoyed during its author's lifetime when, four years ago, a Judgment Day trumpet was blown on the front page of the Literary Supplement of the London *Times*. The notes of the horn rang out loud and clear, and all the more startlingly because they were sounded by a normally sober publication. Musil, the critical essay declared, was (it was then 1949) the most important novelist in Germany in the past half century; only Joyce and Proust compared with him in range and intelligence, but while Joyce was obscure and Proust was sick, Musil was neither; his writing had an inimitable ring of authority, it had strength, it had lucidity; and it was a disgrace to the German publishing business that he was out of print. Presumably it was at this point—the end of the opening paragraph of the essay—that the publishers of Germany, England, and the United States stopped reading, ordered the processes of literary dissolution reversed, and prepared to bring "The Man Without Qualities" back from its tomb.

They would have done well to read farther in the *Times*. A little perseverance would have brought them to some remarkable literary criticism. "The book's length," said the essayist, "is not only horizontal, in pages; it is also vertical, each page being capable of such extension and elaboration that the implicit number of the whole rises into infinity." This piece of conjurer's patter was capped by a quotation from one of Musil's notebooks: "What the story in this novel comes to is that the story supposed to be told in it is not told at all." As if aware that this elfin riddle might present difficulties to anyone not used to the level of talk in Viennese literary cafés, the essayist expanded the idea for the benefit of his simpler Anglo-Saxon readers:

> The story that is not told might be compared to a dry, invisible river that is yet intensely perceptible as a current of will. Musil dug a wide bed for this spectral river of life; and while no liberating waters flow, the bathers crowd on the banks, explaining away the phenomenon but unable to solve the difficulty. . . . And while these people hover, longing to make their phantom plunge into the waves of the spirit . . . a solitary figure approaches, walking up the dry river bed.

The critic, feeling apparently that this might still leave room for confusion about Musil's aims, tried once more and came up with "This great work can be regarded as something like a miracle play in which the mystery is indicated by the very lack of anything mysterious."

After these intimations of Kafkaesque splendor, the novel itself is a staggering surprise. There is not the slightest reason for comparing it to the work of either Joyce or Proust. It belongs, in fact, to an earlier literary epoch, and it is the work of an imitator and not an innovator. "The Man Without Qualities" is modelled, not far short of plagiarism, on a group of Anatole France's novels, of which "The Wicker-Work Woman" and "The Amethyst Ring" are perhaps best known. They describe the adventures of a M. Bergeret on the fringes of the Dreyfus case and of the secular political maneuvers of the various candidates seeking appointment to the vacant bishopric of Tourcoing. Herr Ulrich, Musil's man without qualities—intelligent, cultivated, and sensitive, an ironic and detached spectator of his own small successes and disappointments, and a thoroughly ineffectual and yet extremely shrewd critic of other people's follies and illusions—is a replica of M. Bergeret in everything but nationality. Ulrich's attempts to win clemency for a maniac sex murderer called Moosbrugger, who has been condemned to death even though he is insane, at once parallel Bergeret's Dreyfusard activities and duplicate an episode in which Bergeret makes some unconventional observations on the penal code after a sex crime has been committed next door to the bookshop he frequents. There is a much stronger resemblance between the proceedings of the committee organizing the Emperor Franz Josef's Seventieth Jubilee in Musil's novel and those of the candidates intriguing for the see of Tourcoing. These resemblances, however strong, might seem merely coincidental if it were not that Musil has taken over both the deceptively inconsequential anecdotal and episodic narrative technique France perfected in the Bergeret books and the method of oblique social criticism they so successfully employ. France's delicate comedy of manners is really a tragedy "about" the weaknesses of the Third Republic, and Musil's novel is "about" the intellectual and moral paralysis of the Hapsburg regime in Austria. The story that does not get told is the story of the failure of the Haps-



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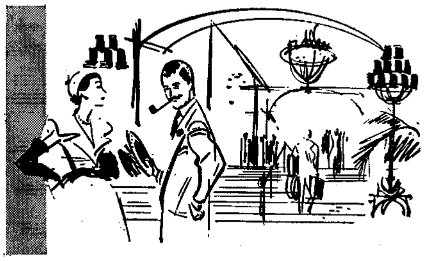
burg regime to adapt to the modern world in any way, the failure that made Austria the point of weakness in Europe and led to the collapse of the nineteenth-century house of cards.

It was bold of Musil to attempt to tell such a large story, but in literature mere good intentions are worth nothing. The fact is that Musil was not much of a writer. The non-functioning simile, in which things that have no similarities are compared, is a sure sign of bad writing, and Musil goes as far with it as it is possible to go: "Walter's tenderness collapsed like a soufflé taken out of the oven too soon;" "The piano behind his back lay open like a bed that had been rumpled by a sleeper;" "His emotion splashed on to the keys like big drops of rain." Musil claimed that his work was not popular because he was ruthless in his pursuit of precision, so the comparison of the hardness and the immutable internal order of the piano with a rumpled bed shows a real blindness. It is the clue to the major defect in his writing. Musil was not an observer or an analyst like France, much less like Joyce or Proust. He dealt in his own intellectual concepts and was persuaded that when he wrote about them, he was describing life. As the biographical introduction shows, he had enough intellectual arrogance to be well satisfied with the arid and undistinguished product of this approach. His arrogance enabled him to botch even the almost foolproof technique he borrowed from France; he continually elbows his characters off the page, and nearly every chapter of his novel reveals a diagonal drift away from fiction into philosophic essay writing:

> For the rest, it may be recalled that even so experienced a person as mankind itself apparently acts according to quite similar principles. In the long run it revokes everything it has done and puts something else in the place of it; and for it, too, crimes in the course of time change into virtues and vice versa; it builds up great spiritual connections between all things and events and after some generations lets them collapse again. Only, this happens successively instead of in a single homogeneous awareness of life; and the chain of mankind's experiments reveals no rising towards a climax, whereas a conscious human essayism would find itself confronted with something like the task of transforming the world's haphazard state of consciousness into a single will. And many individual lines of development indicate that this may happen soon.

This may look a great deal better in German than it does in English, in which it looks neither like part of a novel nor like sense. Even allowing for the translators, who are capable of devising "seated, lolling cows in the field, gaz-



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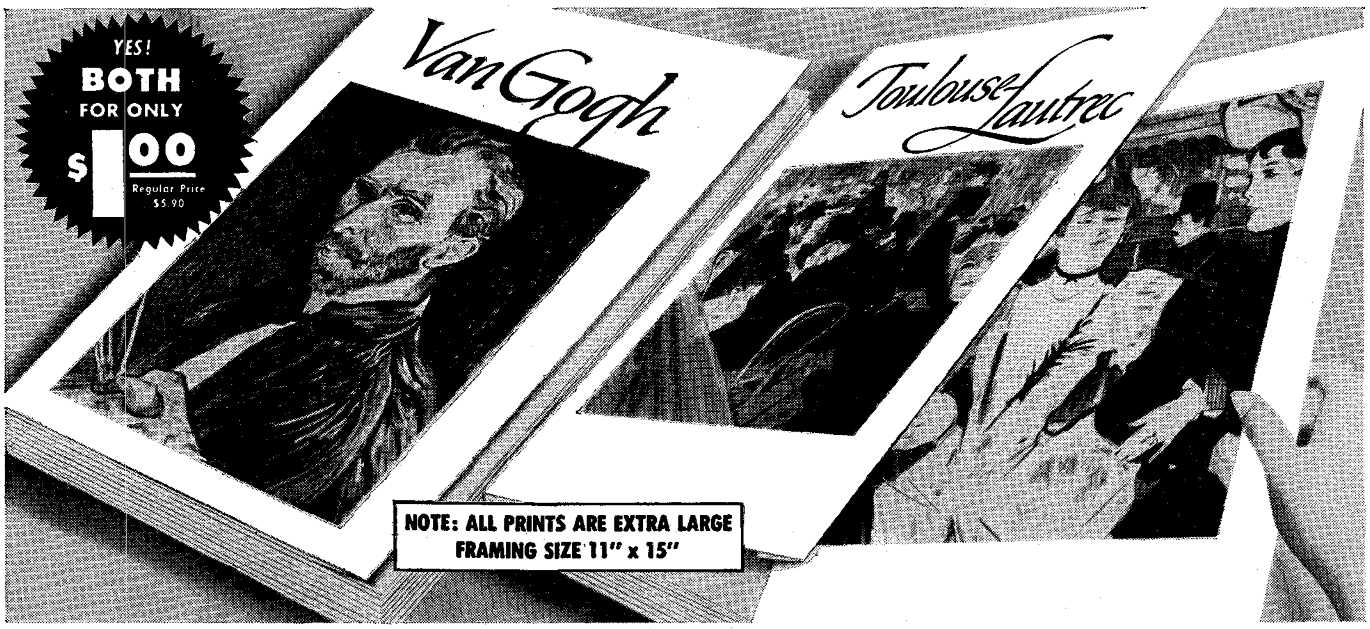

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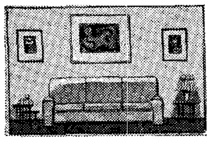
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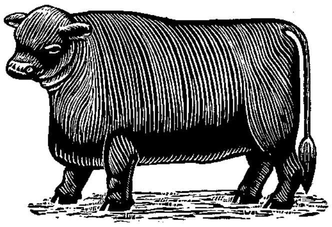

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ing towards the dawn," it must be said that the great Musil revival will not do, that there is no spark of vitality in his work to keep it from its well-earned obscurity.

"THE MOON AND THE BONFIRES" (Farrar, Straus & Young), by Cesare Pavese, is a curious novel. It describes the return of an Italian immigrant from the United States to his birthplace in Italy after the last war. America, that materially rich spiritual desert, has wholly disillusioned him, and he seeks replenishment in the earthy realities of the farming village where he was raised. But when he gets there, he finds that the harrow of war has passed over it. Nothing remains but bitterness and a deepening poverty. This could have been a very affecting story, but Pavese, though a translator of Gertrude Stein, Sherwood Anderson, Dos Passos, and Faulkner, and an ardent admirer of Edgar Lee Masters, has never been in this country, and the America that has disillusioned his hero is an odd composite of Winesburg, Yoknapatawpha County, the Spoon River valley, and points north-northwest. Thus his failure to find a home in America is only natural. Americans, as everybody knows, do not have homes or belong in any particular place; they move about continuously, wrapped in a mantle of discontent and loneliness. The malaise induced in an Italian soul by being forced to live such a life is indeed terrible, but Pavese's hero is lucky enough to get out before he fulfills the normal American destiny:

> That was the frightening part. Even among themselves they didn't know each other. When you crossed those mountains you realized at every turn that no one had ever stopped there, nobody had put a hand to them. That was why they'd beat up a drunkard, throw him in jail and leave him for dead. And it wasn't only their liquor that made them ugly, but women, too. The day would come when a man, just to touch something, to make himself known, would strangle a woman, shoot her in her sleep, bash in her head with a wrench.

In an introduction, Paolo Milano asks why Pavese has not been published in America before now. The delay, he thinks, has been caused by the almost insurmountable difficulty of transposing Pavese's elliptic and allusive style from an old and cultured language into the American colloquial. But, as in the case of Musil, there seems to be another, and simpler, reason. —ANTHONY WEST

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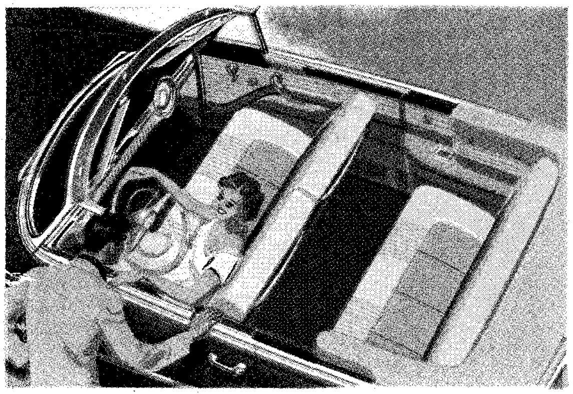

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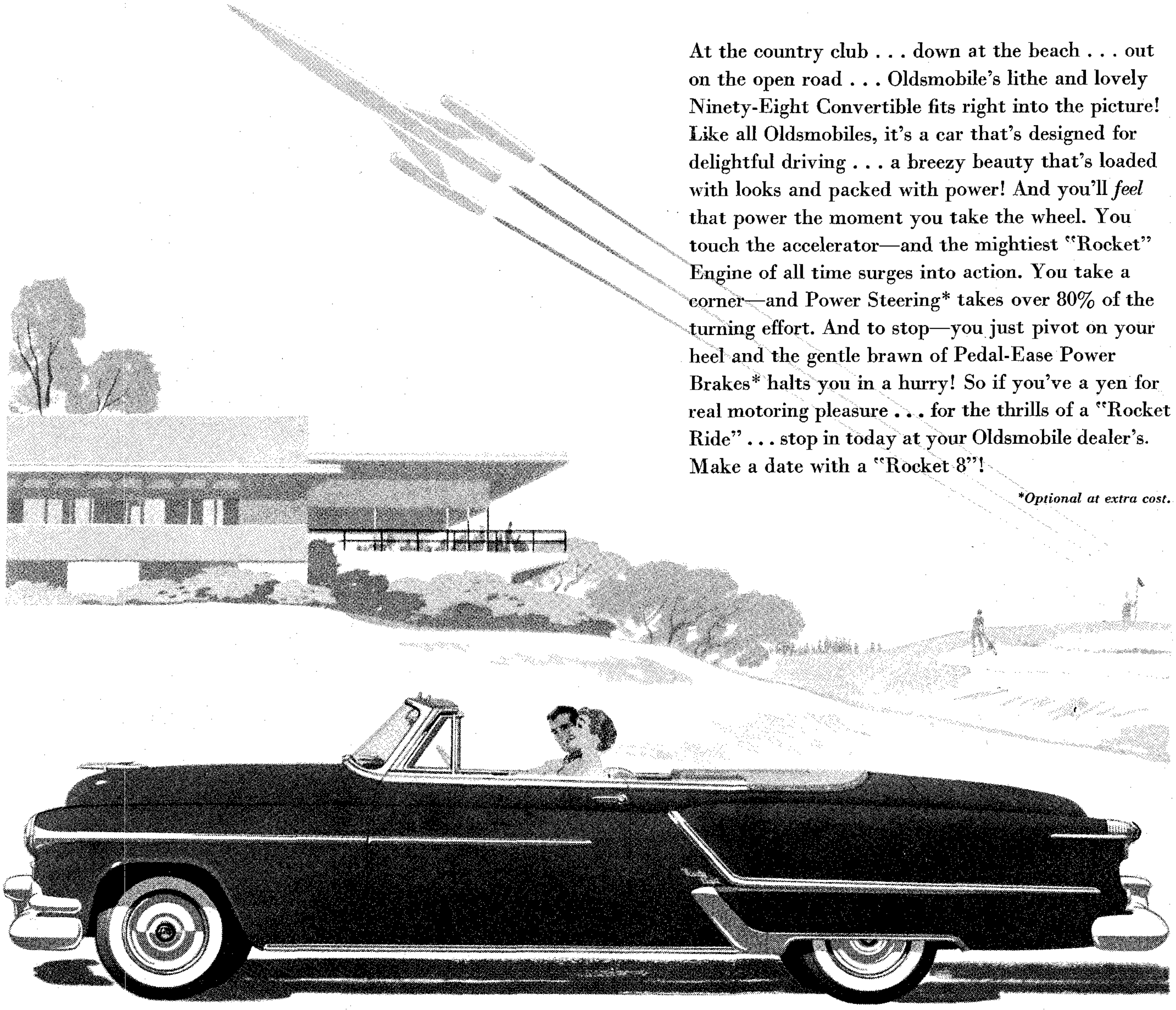

Car illustrated above: Ninety-Eight Convertible Coupé. A General Motors Value.

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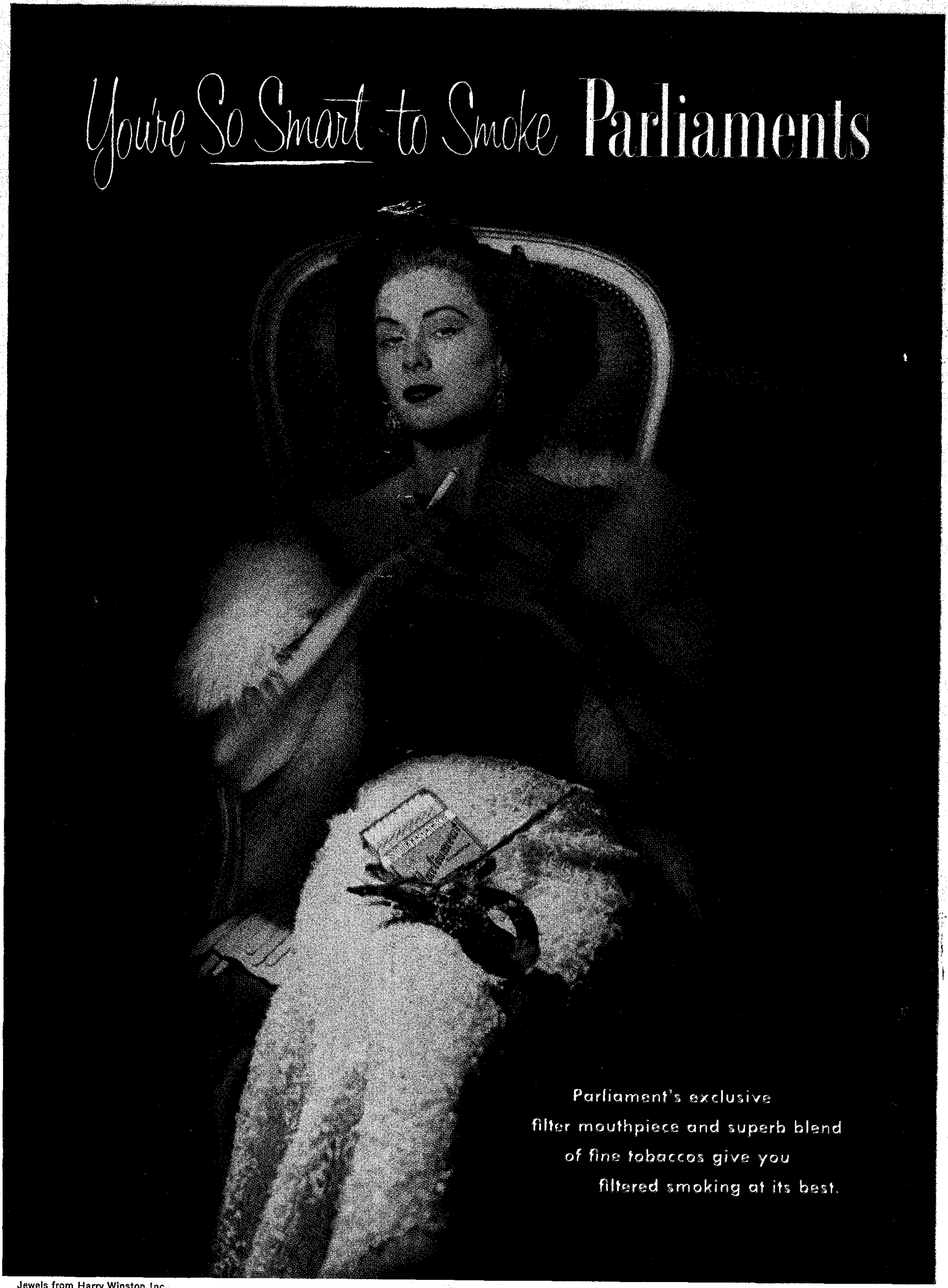

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